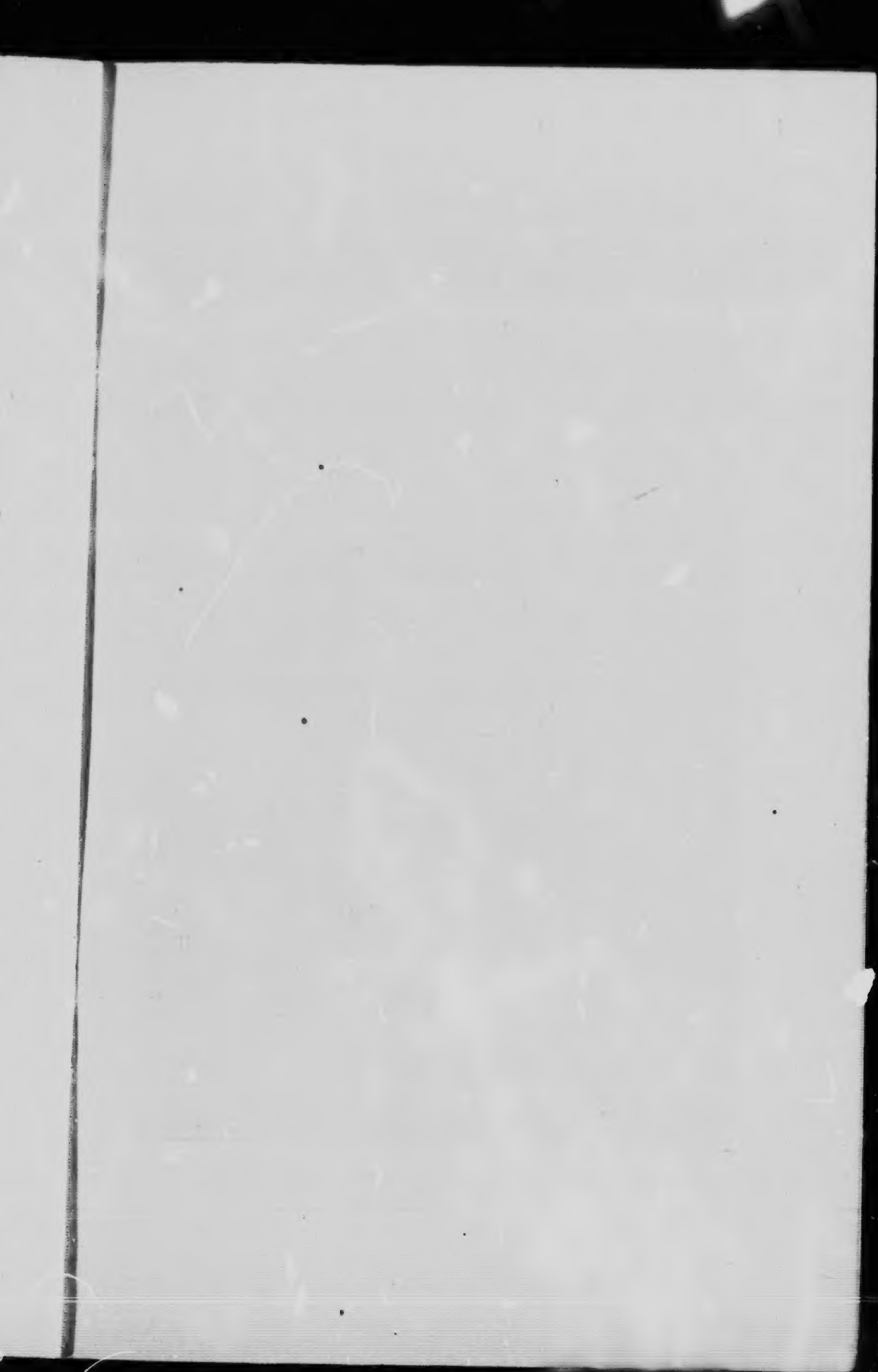


~~My. Harris~~





KING EDWARD VII. AS PRINCE OF WALES.—A. S. WORTLEY.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

BRITANNIA HISTORY READER

**INTRODUCTORY BOOK
STORIES FROM BRITISH AND CANADIAN
HISTORY**

**TORONTO
THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED**

DA16

B695

Copyright, Canada, 1900, by THE COFF, CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED,
Toronto, Ontario.

FIRST EDITION, 1900.

CONTENTS

PART I

BRITISH HISTORY

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|---|------|
| A BRAVE BRITISH QUEEN | 7 | THE LITTLE PRINCES | 73 |
| THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN | 11 | THE GREAT ARMADA | 77 |
| KING ALFRED AND THE DANES | 14 | SIR WALTER RALEIGH | 80 |
| KING ALFRED IN TIME OF PEACE | 18 | THE CUP OF WATER | 84 |
| THE TWO HAROLDS AT STAM- FORD | 21 | MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS | 85 |
| HAROLD AND WILLIAM THE NORMAN | 24 | THE FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE" | 89 |
| HERWARD THE WAKE | 29 | THE GUNPOWDER PLOT | 93 |
| THE LOSS OF THE "WHITE SHIP" | 33 | THE PILGRIM FATHERS | 95 |
| KING RICHARD OF THE LION HEART | 37 | CHARLES THE FIRST AND OLIVER CROMWELL | 100 |
| KING JOHN AND THE GREAT CHARTER | 41 | A PRINCE'S WANDERINGS | 104 |
| EDWARD THE FIRST | 45 | THE RESTORATION | 107 |
| TWO SCOTTISH HEROES | 49 | A BURNING CITY | 111 |
| THE BATTLE OF CRECY | 54 | BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE | 115 |
| THE BRAVE MEN OF CALAIS | 57 | A FAMOUS ROCK | 118 |
| RICHARD THE SECOND AND WAT TYLER | 61 | GEORGE STEPHENSON — THE FATHER OF RAILWAYS | 121 |
| JOAN THE MAID | 64 | A MAN WHO KNEW NO FEAR | 126 |
| QUEEN MARGARET AND THE ROBBERS | 68 | JAMES WATT | 131 |
| OUR FIRST PRINTER | 70 | THE IRON DUKE | 135 |
| | | THE GIRL QUEEN | 139 |
| | | "NOBLE SIX HUNDRED" | 143 |
| | | THE LADY WITH THE LAMP | 147 |
| | | THE VICTORIA CROSS | 151 |
| | | VICTORIA THE GOOD | 154 |

CONTENTS

PART II CANADIAN HISTORY

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------|------|
| THE HOME OF THE "BRAVES" | 161 | PONTIAC | 220 |
| CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS | 165 | GEORGE VANCOUVER | 223 |
| THE CABOTS | 169 | GOVERNOR SIMCOE | 227 |
| CANADA'S REAL DISCOVERER | 172 | ALEXANDER MACKENZIE | 231 |
| "AN IDEAL EXPLORER" | 175 | THE IDEAL GENERAL | 235 |
| MISSIONARIES AND NURSES | 180 | LAURA SECORD | 239 |
| AN IDEAL GOVERNOR | 191 | TECUMSEH | 242 |
| PRESENCE OF MIND | 197 | LORD SELKIRK | 245 |
| TIMES OF JOY AND SORROW IN | | LORD DURHAM | 249 |
| ACADIA | 202 | GEORGE BROWN | 252 |
| WHERE THERE'S A WILL, | | EGERTON RYERSON | 255 |
| THERE'S A WAY | 210 | JOHN A. MACDONALD | 258 |
| A BRAVE FOE | 215 | | |

KINGS AND QUEENS FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST, PAGE 262.

THE
BRITANNIA HISTORY READERS
INTRODUCTORY BOOK

A Brave British Queen

THE island of Great Britain is divided into three parts—England, Scotland, and Wales. Two thousand years ago these last three names were not known. The island was at that time called simply Britain, and its people Britons. Those who afterwards gave to part of it the name of England had not yet landed on its shores.

In the earliest times of which we can read the Britons were very rough and wild. They did not grow corn, but lived on fish, flesh, and milk. Their dress was made from the rough skins of animals which they slew in the forests.

8 BRITANNIA HISTORY READER—INTRODUCTORY

They were divided into many different tribes, each ruled by a warrior chief. There was no ruler or chief who could call himself king of the whole of Britain.

The British tribes often fought among themselves. When they were going to fight, the men stained their bodies with a dark blue dye. They did this to give themselves a terrible look, and so strike fear into the hearts of their foes.

Some of their chief men fought in rough wooden chariots drawn by shaggy horses. The drivers could check their horses when going at full speed and turn them in an instant.

By and by Roman soldiers came to Britain from over the seas. They were very good fighters, and they tried to conquer the Britons. In time they did so, partly because the British tribes would not join together and fight for their country side by side. Each tribe in turn fought with the Romans, and each in turn was beaten.

But though the Romans in time made themselves masters of Britain they could not stop the Britons from longing to be free. And when a chance was given them they sometimes rose against their masters.

One of these risings or rebellions was led by a



EARLY BRITONS TRADING WITH FOREIGN MERCHANTS.—LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

(By kind permission of Lord Leighton's executors.)

10 BRITANNIA HISTORY READER—INTRODUCTORY

brave queen called Boudicca or Boadicea. She was the wife of the British chieftain who ruled the tribe in that part of the country now taken up by Norfolk and Suffolk. When this chieftain died the Romans cruelly ill-treated Boadicea and her daughters, and took their lands from them.

The queen had no son to defend her. She therefore made up her mind to act a man's part and lead her warriors against the Romans. She called them together, told them of her wrongs, and the angry Britons at once put to death all the Romans in the district.

Other Britons joined the army of Boadicea, and she was able to beat a body of the Roman troops. Three cities which were held by the Romans were taken. One of these was the city afterwards known as London. Large numbers of Romans were put to death by the Britons with much cruelty.

Then there came from the west a Roman general, who had been fighting the Britons of that part of the country now called Wales. He gave battle to the British queen, and won a great victory over her.

But he did not make a prisoner of Boadicea. When she knew that she was quite beaten she died by her own hand. We remember her as a brave

British queen who fought and died in the struggle to be free.

The First Englishmen

The Romans stayed in Britain about four hundred years. During that time they taught the people of the southern part of our island how to live like themselves. The Britons became less wild, but they also lost much of their spirit under their Roman masters.

In the north of the island lived the wild Picts, whom the Romans were not able to conquer.

In time the Roman soldiers had to leave Britain and return to Rome. As soon as they were gone the Picts came in great numbers and began to fight against the people of South Britain.

Then the Britons asked help of some sea-robbers or pirates who came from across the North Sea. These were men called Jutes, and they gladly left their ships and fought the wild men of the north.

But they had no real love for the Britons. When the Picts were beaten back the Jutes showed that they did not mean to leave the country. They were seeking for a new home, and now that they were landed in this island they meant to stay.

When the Britons showed that they wanted the land for themselves the Jutes fought and beat them. Then they sent across the North Sea for their friends the Angles and Saxons. Numbers of ships came, bringing swarms of these people. They fought the Britons, and drove them westward into the land now called Wales and into Cornwall.

These Angles, Saxons, and Jutes were the forefathers of the English. It took them a great number of years to turn Britain into Angle-land or England, for they had many fierce fights with the Britons. But in time the land belonged to the strangers, and was divided among the different tribes.

The first English were strong and hardy men, brave and fearless, but also cruel and merciless to their foes. They had, as a rule, long fair hair and blue eyes. Their warriors carried a small round shield, a spear, and a huge battle-axe. They were all heathens, and the names of some of their gods are to be found in our names for the days of the week.

Wednesday means Woden's day. Woden was the war god of the English, who, as they said, gave them strength in battle. Thursday was Thor's day. Thor was the god of the air, who always carried a

very large hammer. The thunder in the sky was the noise made by the blows of the hammer of Thor. Friday was Frea's day. Frea was a gentler god, who gave them peace and plenty of corn and cattie.

After a while they were taught by the monks or priests and became Christians. Some of these monks came from the great city of Rome. It is said that a monk named Gregory was one day walking in the market-place of Rome when he saw some fair-haired children waiting to be sold.

"Who are these?" he asked a friend, and was told that they were Angles. "Not Angles," he said gently, "but angels," and he made up his mind to set out for the land of the Angles and teach the people about Christ.

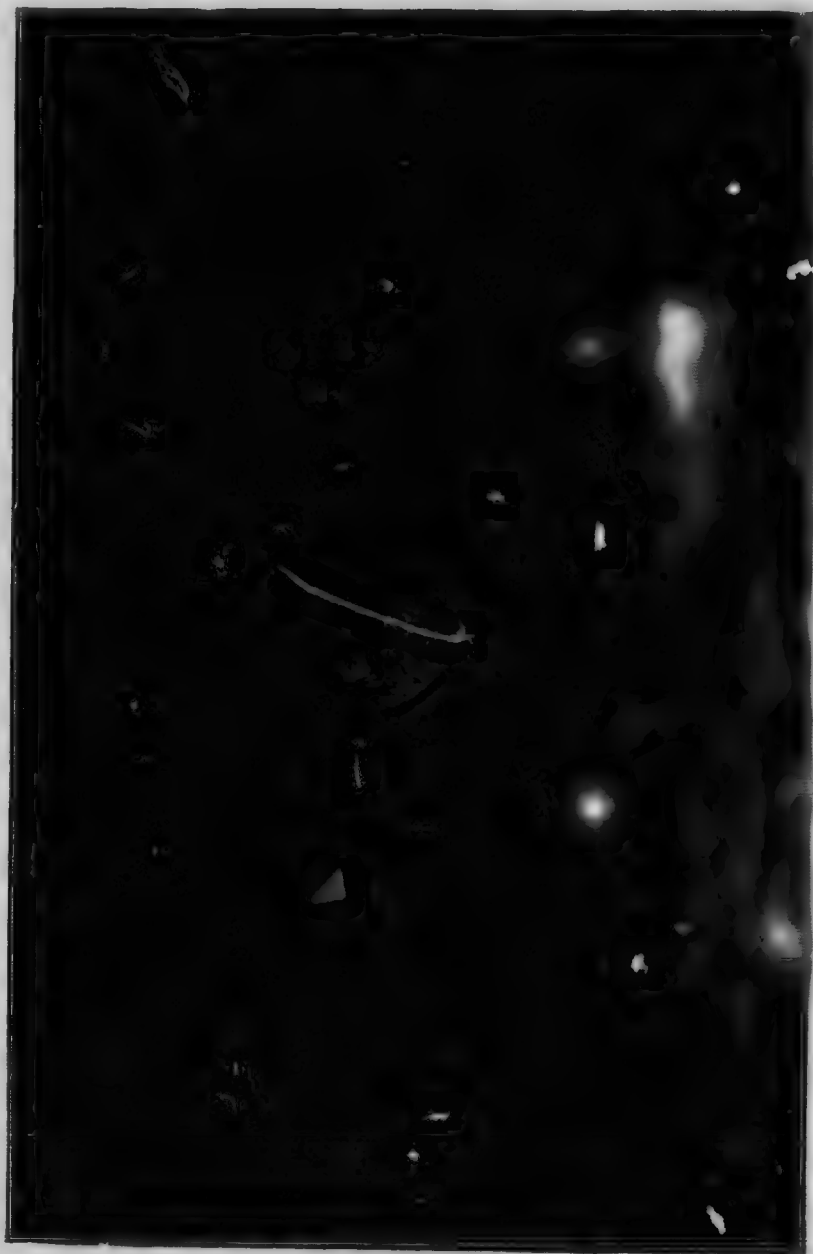
He could not do this himself, but he afterwards sent other monks, who taught the people of the south of England to leave their fierce war gods and pray to the God of Peace.

King Alfred and the Danes

Alfred the Great was one of the best kings who ever reigned in England. He lived in the time of the Saxons, and he was not king of all England but only part of it. This part was called Wessex, and lay in the south of the country.

Alfred fought many battles with some people called the Danes. They came from across the North Sea and landed in England, just as the Angles and Saxons had come many years before. In Alfred's time we find that they held a great part of the land in the east and north of England. Then they tried to drive Alfred from his throne and take his land as well.

In one battle at a place called Wilton the fierce Danes defeated the men of Wessex, and Alfred was forced to give them money to keep them out of his kingdom. But this did not keep them away for long. After a few years they returned and took Winchester, the capital of Wessex, and several other places. Alfred and his little army were much cast down, but the brave king did not lose heart. He was too great a man for that.



KING ALFRED IN THE MIDDLE. A. GOTTAU. SIR B. WILHELM.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

He led his men into Somerset, where there was a piece of land called the Isle of Athelney. This island had very wet marshes all round it and made a good hiding-place. Alfred made up his mind to stay here with his army until he was ready once more to fight against the Danes.

One day, it is said, Alfred was wandering about the country side when he came to the cottage of a cowherd whom he knew. The king was dressed like any other country-man, and he was both tired and hungry. The cowherd was not at home, but his wife let the king come near the fire to warm himself. She knew he was one of her husband's friends, but had no idea who he really was.

The king sat down near the hearth, upon which some cakes were baking. The wife of the cowherd, who was busy about the house, told him to watch the cakes and see that they did not burn.

Alfred sat mending his bow, and his mind was busy thinking of the sad state of his unhappy country. This made him forget the cakes, and before long they began to burn.

The woman turned and saw what was wrong. She was very angry, and rushed forward to the

hearth. "Dost thou not see the cakes burn?" she cried. "Why then dost thou not turn them? Thou wilt eat them fast enough when they are ready, I'll be bound."

The king took his scolding quite quietly. The old writer who tells the story does not say what the woman thought when she got to know who her visitor was.

At another time Alfred, it is said, left the island, and, with a single servant, made his way to the camp of the Danes. He was again dressed so that no one could tell he was the king.

In the days of his boyhood Alfred had learned to sing, and he knew a good many songs which his mother had taught him. The people of those rough times were always glad to meet with a man who could sing songs or "glees" to them, and they called such a person a gleeman.

When the Danish soldiers heard that the wanderer who had come to their camp could sing them songs of heroes, they gave him and his friend a hearty welcome. Alfred stayed among them several days, and during that time he learnt many of their plans for fighting his own men.

Then he went back to his own army, having found out several things which were of use to

him as a leader. Little did the Danes think that they had been feasting and praising the king whom they wished to conquer.

When Alfred was ready he led his army from Athelney and fought a great battle with his enemies. The good king won the victory, and the Danes were forced to ask for peace.

King Alfred in Time of Peace

King Alfred was not only a great leader in war. He was a great ruler, and he did all he could to make his people happy as well as to keep them safe from the Danes. The people of Wessex loved their king very much, and called him the "Truth-Teller" and "England's Comfort."

The cruel Danes had burnt all the houses of the monks, who were the teachers of Alfred's time. When the king gained peace for his people he made up his mind to set up new schools.

The king's mother had taught him to read and write when he was a boy. He knew what a good thing it was to be able to read books and to put his thoughts into writing.

Many schools were therefore built during his

time, and he sent to other lands for good teachers. He also ordered that every boy should "abide at his book till he can read English writing."



KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

One of the new schools was started near the king's palace, and Alfred often paid a visit to it. As we have seen, he was very fond of the songs which told of the deeds of the heroes of old. He therefore told the monks to teach these songs to the scholars.

Books were few in Alfred's time, and these were

written in Latin. The king therefore had some of them written out in English so that his people could understand them. He also told the monks to write down accounts of what was going on day by day. We can read their writings now, and find out how people lived and what they were doing when Alfred was king.

The great king loved not only a brave soldier but a brave sailor. The ships of that time were small, and did not make such long journeys as the ships of our day. But Alfred wished his sailors to be bold and fearless, and he did all he could to get them to visit other lands and trade with the people.

He gave them rewards if they crossed the North Sea three times. This journey was really full of danger in those days, for there were many sea-robbers on the look-out for the ships of the traders.

When a ship returned King Alfred would get the captain to visit him and tell him what he had seen. He loved to listen to the tales of the mariners, and had some of them written down.

One captain told him that he had sailed farther to the north than any one before him. He had seen many strange sights and strange people. And with his own eyes he had seen "horse-whales with

noble bones in their teeth, and hide good for the making of ship-ropes." These were the walruses, which have long tusks and tough skins.

This captain also said that many of the strange people he had met were very rich, but not in the "yellow gold." They had great herds of reindeer, and he who had the greatest number was the richest man.

To the poor people of his kingdom Alfred was always just and kind. The nobles often treated them badly, and it was said at one time that in the whole kingdom "the poor had no helpers or few save the king himself." But the king was really the best helper the poor could have, for he made the nobles treat them justly and give them their rights.

The Two Harolds at Stamford

Harold, the son of Godwin, was the last of the Saxon kings of England. In the last year of his reign he fought two great battles, one in the north and the other in the south of England. Of these two fights he won the first and lost the second.

He had not been long on the throne when there came from over the North Sea, Harold, the King

of Norway, with a great fleet of three hundred ships. Off the east coast of Scotland this fleet was joined by a smaller one of sixty ships, led by Earl Tostig, a brother of the English king. This earl had quarrelled with his brother, and wished to land in England and work him all the harm he could.

The ships sailed up the Humber, and the two leaders landed with their men and marched to York. They were met by a body of English, but defeated them. Then King Harold of England marched northward with a great army to fight the Northmen, as the men who followed Harold of Norway were called. The two armies met at Stamford Bridge near York.

As Harold of Norway rode down his lines before the battle his black war-horse stumbled, and the king fell to the ground. He rose quickly and said to those near him, "A fall is lucky for a traveller." The English king also saw the fall, and took it as a sign that the victory would be his own.

But Harold of England was unwilling to fight against his own brother. He therefore made up his mind to try and settle the quarrel in a peaceful way without shedding of blood.

A number of horsemen rode forward from the

English ranks, and their leader offered to Earl Tostig both lands and honours if he would give in to his brother the king.

"If I take what is offered," said Tostig, "what shall Harold of Norway get for his trouble?"

"Seven feet of English earth for a covering," said the horseman quickly, "or as much more as he needs, seeing that he is taller than other men."

"Then tell King Harold of England," said Tostig, "to get ready for battle, for I will not desert the man who has come to my aid."

The horsemen rode sadly back to the English lines, and Tostig to the side of Harold of Norway. The earl knew that the man who had spoken to him was the King of England himself. But Harold of Norway did not know this till Tostig told him. Then he said, "He was but a small man, yet he sat firmly in his stirrups."

The battle began. At first it went well for the Northmen, who stood closely together with their strong spears in their hands. The English set upon them over and over again, but could not move them.

Harold of Norway was always in the thickest of the fight, and no one could withstand the blows of his great sword. But at last he was wounded in

the throat, and fell dead to the ground. This was the turning-point of the battle. The Northmen lost heart when they saw their leader fall, and most of them were put to flight. Some, however, would not turn their backs upon the English, and fell fighting round the body of their lord.

Those of the Norsemen who were not killed fled to their ships. But of the three hundred and sixty vessels which came into the Humber only twenty-four set sail once more across the North Sea.

Harold and William the Norman

After the battle at Stamford, Harold and his chief men gathered together for a joyful feast. As they sat at meat a man rushed into the hall. The dust on his clothes showed that he had travelled far; the look on his face showed that he brought bad news.

"William the Norman," he cried, when he reached the king, "has landed on the shore of Sussex, and with a great army is wasting our land far and wide."

At once Harold gathered his men and marched quickly to the south. As he went he called upon the people of the shires to follow his banner

against William the Norman, who had come to fight for the crown of England.



WILLIAM THE NORMAN.

The Normans lived in the north of France, and William was their duke. He had been in England

before, and said that Edward, who was king before Harold, had promised him the crown. Now he came with a great army of archers and knights to drive Harold from his throne.

It is said that when the duke landed on the English shore he stumbled and fell forward on his hands. The knights near him turned pale, and fear came into their hearts. But William rose laughing and said, "See how I take hold of the land which is to be my own!"

The English king, with all the men he could gather, marched to the south coast to meet the Normans. He had with him two of his brothers and a great company of Saxon nobles. His banner bore the figure of a fighting warrior, and under this standard his brave men meant to win or die.

The two armies met a few miles from Hastings. The English king planted his banner on the top of a low hill, and ranged his warriors around it. He placed some of his men in the form of a wedge. The spearmen were in the front ranks, and were told to kneel on one knee when the Norman knights rode upon them; men armed with great battle-axes stood behind them; in the rear rank were the archers, who could send their arrows over the heads of their comrades. Besides these, Harold

had some horsemen, but not so many as the Norman duke.

The Norman knights were dressed in armour, and carried spears and strong swords. Their shields were smaller than those of the English, and were pear-shaped in form.

The English waited for the Normans to begin the battle, and they did not wait long. The knights rode forward, led by Duke William, and flung themselves against the English lines. As they did so the Norman archers sent showers of arrows against their foes.

But the English stood like rocks, and many Norman horsemen fell under the fierce blows of their huge axes. The Normans fell back, and then came on again. But they could not break that strong line of spearmen, and the arrows from the English lines emptied many a Norman saddle.

Then Duke William told his men to pretend that they were running away. Some of the English saw this, and followed them with loud shouts, thinking that they had won the day.

But when they had left the hill and come down into the level ground, the Normans turned again and killed a great number of them.

The fight grew fiercer as the day drew on.

Harold and the Norman duke both fought like heroes, and put heart into their men by their brave deeds. But as yet neither side could claim the victory.

At last William thought of a new plan. "Shoot into the air," he cried to the archers, "and let your arrows fall upon their heads." This was done at once. The English had to use their shields to cover their heads, and could no longer defend themselves against the Norman spears.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cried a Saxon noble fighting near King Harold. The king raised his face. Down came an arrow hissing through the air and pierced his eye. He groaned and fell to the ground. Then he tore the arrow from his face and fell back dead.

Over the body of their fallen king the English fought till the Normans cast their banner to the ground. The day was lost to the brave defenders of their native land, and William had won his title of the Conqueror.

In time he marched to London, and was there crowned King of England. He took the title of William the First.

Hereward the Wake

The Saxon leader who held out longest against William the Conqueror was a man called Hereward the Wake. When all the rest had given way he still fought on, trying to free his country from the Normans.

Hereward belonged to the county of Lincoln, and as a lad was taken by his father, the Earl of Mercia, to the court of Edward, the Saxon king. He was very strong, a good wrestler, and a fine horseman. One day he fought with a Norman youth of the king's court, and, picking him up, threw him on the roof of a low hut, whence the lad rolled to the ground.

In time he was forced to leave the king's palace. He was not liked by the king's Norman friends, and they got Edward to make Hereward an "outlaw"—this is to drive him from home and allow any one to kill him who could.

Hereward wandered away, and in time came to the castle of a friend. Here he stayed for some time in safety. His friend kept a large polar bear in a strong cage in the castle yard. One day the fierce beast got loose, and all the people of the place fled before it.

Knights and ladies ran quickly to a place of safety, and soon the castle yard was cleared. But there was one, a little maiden, who could not get away in time, and the bear ran quickly towards her. Just at that moment Hereward came into the yard and ran forward to save the child.

The bear stood up on its hind legs and turned with a snarl upon Hereward. Then he lifted up his heavy sword and struck the beast a mighty blow on the head. Down it fell with a last dying growl, and the little maiden was saved.

Hereward afterwards left England, and won himself a great name as a warrior in lands beyond the sea. He was a splendid rider, and wore armour which people said could not be pierced. In a battle he always sought the place of danger. Sometimes he fought with a very heavy battle-axe; sometimes, it is said, he trusted only to the strength of his strong arms and hands.

When the battle of Hastings was fought Hereward was still out of England. But not long afterwards he came across the sea to his home in Lincolnshire. He found his father's castle in the hands of the Normans, and with a few followers



THE CATHEDRAL ON THE ISLE OF ELY.

he fell upon a number of them while they were feasting in his own hall. Most of the Normans were killed, and the rest were driven away.

Then Hereward, like Alfred the Great, fled for safety to an island in a marsh. This was the Isle of Ely, in the Fen district of the east of England. Many Saxons joined him, and before long he had within the island about four thousand men.

The Conqueror marched an army northward to drive Hereward from his place of refuge. His soldiers began to build a path across the marsh with stones and trees laid closely together. The Saxons did all they could to stop the work, and at night they often broke up that part of the path which had been built during the day.

At one time Hereward left his own camp dressed like a potter and went among the Normans. He carried a number of pots, and as he went he cried, "Pots! pots! good pots and pans!"

The potter it is said was brought before William, who seemed to think that he was not what he made himself out to be. Hereward was therefore put into prison, but before long he broke out and got back to his own camp in safety.

In time the Normans finished their pathway across the marsh, and tried to storm the camp of the Saxons. They were driven back over and over again, but at last they made an entry, helped by

some one among Hereward's men, who had told William how to take the place.

Many of the Saxons were slain. Hereward, with a few followers, got away and hid in a fisherman's boat. They wanted horses, but did not know how to get them. By and by as they lay hidden they saw a party of Normans riding towards the boat.

The horsemen stopped to buy fish from the boatman. Out sprang Hereward and his men, and in a short time each had as good a horse as he could desire. The party of Saxons made for the wood, and lived for some time as well as they could. After a while Hereward was taken, and he lived to fight on the side of the Conqueror.

The Loss of the "White Ship"

King Henry the First, the son of the Conqueror, was at one time making ready to cross the Channel from Normandy to England. He had with him his son, Prince William, and a large number of nobles and knights. They had been making war in Normandy and had won many battles.

A man named Thomas Fitz-Stephen came to the king and said to him, "My lord king, I ask of you a favour. My father served your father as a

mariner. In his own ship he carried your father to England when he crossed the sea to fight with Harold.

"I beg of you now to let me serve you in the same way. I have a vessel called the *White Ship* fitted out in the best manner. Let me carry my lord king and his noble knights across the sea to England in my ship."

The king replied, "I have already chosen a ship for myself, and I shall make no change, but the *White Ship* shall carry to England my two sons William and Richard with the nobles of their train."

The sailors were very much pleased with this. To show their pleasure they drank the health of the young princes in more wine than was good for them. Many of them were quite unfit for their work when the time came for the *White Ship* to put out to sea.

The vessel carried about three hundred people. With the two princes went their sister Matilda and many knights and ladies of high degree. They were all very merry, and when at last the ship set out they urged the captain to make all haste across the Channel.

Fitz-Stephen wished to show what a clever sailor he was and to overtake the king's ship, which had sailed some time before. He therefore bade the



A CASTLE IN NORMANDY.—J. M. W. TURNER.

rowers pull their hardest, and soon the ship was rushing at a great speed through the water.

All at once there was a dull heavy sound. The pilot had lost his course, and the ship had struck upon a sunken rock. The sounds of merriment were changed in a moment to cries of terror and distress. But these were soon stilled, for in a very short time the ship filled with water and went down.

Only one of that great company, a butcher of a Norman town, was saved. For the rest of the day and the greater part of the night he clung to a spar of the ship, and was at last picked up almost dead with cold.

The sad news soon reached England, but at first no one dared to make it known to the king. The nobles of the court were sad at heart for their own sakes, for many of them had lost friends and relatives in the sinking of the *White Ship*. But for that day they hid their grief, for they were afraid of the effect the news might have upon King Henry.

On the following day one of the lords of the king's court hit upon a plan for telling the king of his great loss. A boy was sent into the royal chamber and, weeping bitterly, threw himself at the king's feet.

Henry gently asked him the cause of his sorrow,

and was told of the loss of the *White Ship*. The sad news gave the king such a great shock that he fell to the ground in a swoon. For the rest of his life he is said to have grieved deeply over the loss of his children. Some say that he never smiled again.

The king's great sorrow was not only for himself but also for England. He had now no son to come to the throne after him. And when he died the country saw times of great trouble, owing to disputes as to who should reign in his place.

King Richard of the Lion Heart

Richard the First, King of England, was so brave that he won for himself the name of the Lion Heart. He did not give much of his time and thought to his kingdom, so that we cannot say that he was a good king. But he fought very bravely in the Holy Land against the Turks and Arabs, and the people of England were very proud of him.

At one time the Turks were trying to take a strong castle in the centre of a town on the coast of the Holy Land. There were a number of Christians within the castle, and they would not give it up.

King Richard sailed along the coast to drive

away the Turks. But when he reached the place they came in great numbers to meet him. They stood on the shore and sent showers of arrows into the king's ships. Their horsemen also rode forward into the water to stop King Richard's men from coming to land.

The king looked at the great army of Turks, and for a while did not know what to do. Then he saw a man swimming towards his ship. It was a monk who came to beg the king's help. He was taken on board the ship, and said to the king, "Most noble king, a few of our people are left, waiting for your help. If you do not make haste they will all be killed."

Richard at once made up his mind to land his men. In spite of the arrows the ships were taken close to land. Then the brave king leapt into the shallow water and led the way. With his great sword in his hand he rushed against the foe. The enemy gave way, for they knew it was the king, and they had heard of his great strength and bravery.

In a short time the king's men entered the town, which was full of Turks. Richard planted his banner on a high part of the wall. The people within the castle saw it, and knew that the English

king had come. So they rushed out of the castle fighting bravely. With the help of the king's men they drove the Turks away.

This was only one of the battles in which King Richard had a share. But he was always in the front of the fight and afraid of none.

After the war in the Holy Land, Richard set out to return to England. On the way he was taken prisoner by a noble who was his enemy. This man put the king into a strong prison, and said that he would not let him go unless the people of England paid a large sum of money.

It is said that the castle where the king was kept in prison was found out by one of his friends. This was a man named Blondel, who dressed himself as a minstrel and went from place to place hoping to find out where the king was.

One day he came to a strong castle on a high rock. He sat down near the wall and sang to his harp the first line of a song which the king knew.

At once some one at one of the castle windows sang the second line of the song. It was King Richard himself, and he told his friend who had put him into prison. The minstrel carried the news to England, and the people at once set to work to get the money to pay for their brave king's freedom.



RICHARD AND THE ARCHER. -BY JOHN CROSS.

Before long Richard was back in his own country. But in a short time he was again fighting, this time in France. He built the strong castle which is shown in the picture on page 35.

When the French king saw it he said, "I would take it if its walls were of iron." Richard replied "I would hold it were its walls of butter."

Then the English king heard of a great treasure which it was said had been found near a castle in another part of the country. He made up his mind to take both the castle and its treasure.

But the men within the castle kept the English king out. And one day an archer shot an arrow at Richard, and the king fell wounded to the ground. He was taken to his tent, and it was soon found that he was about to die.

His men were able to make a prisoner of the archer who had shot the king. They brought him before Richard, but the dying king would not let them harm the man. He gave orders that he was to be set free. But when the king died the man was put to death.

King John and the Great Charter

After the death of Richard of the Lion Heart his brother John became King of England. He had a young nephew named Arthur, and some people thought that this boy ought to have been made king.

John therefore wished to get Arthur out of the way, and he put him into prison. Nothing more

was heard of the young prince, but many stories have been told of him.

It is said that John sent men to put out the boy's eyes with hot irons. Arthur did not at first know what was going to happen. But when he saw what was meant he asked, "Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?" "Young boy, I must," said the man who had been sent by the king. "And will you?" asked the poor young prince. "And I will," was the stern answer. But Arthur spoke in such a way that the man had no heart to do the cruel deed, and went away with his furnace and irons.

How the young prince came by his death we cannot tell. Some say that King John killed him with his own hand. Others say that the boy was killed in trying to get away from his prison. They tell how he leapt from the top of a high wall and fell on the stones beneath, hurting himself so badly that he died not long afterwards.

King John was not loved by his people. He thought that because he was king he could rule as he liked. People were made to pay him large sums of money, and if they did not do so the king would send them to prison.

The chief men of the kingdom therefore made



THE SEALING OF MAGNA CHARTA.—ERNEST NORMAND.

(From the picture in the Royal Exchange, by kind permission of the artist.)

up their minds to force the king to rule in a better way. They met together, and one of them wrote down a number of promises which they wished the king to make. These were written on a paper called the Great Charter.

Before long King John heard what the nobles wished him to promise. He was very angry and said, "Why do they not ask for my crown also? If I promise these things I shall have only the name of a king."

But in time, after some fighting, King John said he would do as the nobles wished. He met them on an island in the Thames called Runnymede, and heard what they had to say. The paper was read to him, and the king gave orders for it to be stamped or sealed. This meant that he had made the promises which were written down in the Great Charter.

In the picture on page 43 you may see the king seated on his throne with the barons before him. On the steps of the throne kneels a monk who is reading the promises written in the Great Charter. Behind him stand the men who are ready to fight if the king does not do as they wish. In the right-hand corner is the man with the press for putting the king's seal on the Charter.

If John had kept the promises he made on that day all would have been well. But he did not keep his word, and before long there was war in England again.

In marching an army against his nobles the king had to cross the Wash. As he was doing so his crown and jewels were lost. Not long afterwards the king took a fever and died. We always think of his reign as the time of the Great Charter.

Edward the First

As we have seen, King John did not keep the promises he made in the Great Charter. He ended his life in war with his barons. After his death his son was made king with the title of Henry the Third.

At first things went well under the new king. But after a time he began to rule in much the same way as his father had done. Then the barons fought against him also. They were led by a brave and good man called Earl Simon.

On the king's side was his son Edward. This prince was very strong and very brave. In a battle with Earl Simon he was taken prisoner, but after some time he escaped by a clever trick.

It is said that one day he was out riding with his guards. To pass the time he set these men to run races while he acted as judge. This went on for some time till the men's horses were quite tired out. Then the prince put spurs to his own horse, which of course was quite fresh, and made his escape.

He gathered an army and fought a great battle with Earl Simon. The prince had been the earl's friend in happier days, and the old man had taught him how to fight.

When Prince Edward brought his men into the field Earl Simon said to those near him, "They come on well, do they not? But it was I who taught them how to do it."

The battle began and Prince Edward won the victory. The good earl was killed during the fight. After that there was peace, and King Henry ruled in a better way.

Prince Edward went off to the Holy Land, where Richard of the Lion Heart had fought. There his army took the little town of Nazareth, where Jesus Christ worked as a carpenter.

During one of his battles in the Holy Land Prince Edward was wounded by a man with a dagger. The tip of the dagger had been dipped in

poison, and it was thought that the prince would die.

He had with him his wife Eleanor, for many ladies at that time went with their husbands to the Holy Land. This brave princess, it is said, sucked the poison from the wound, and so Edward's life was saved.

When King Henry died, the prince became King Edward the First. He was one of our best kings, and his people were very proud of him. Not only was he a good soldier, but he was also a good and just ruler. His motto was "Keep troth"—that is, "Be true to your word," or "Keep your promise."

He fought many battles against the Welsh, who did not own him as their king. They had princes of their own, and they fought very bravely against Edward. Many stories are told of the wars in Wales.

At one time, it is said, Edward's men were shut up in a castle and had only one cask of wine left. The king would not keep it, or even part of it, for his own use. He made his servants add water to it until there was plenty to give each man his share.

At another time Edward is said to have called the Welsh princes together to try to make peace. He promised them a ruler who had been born in

Wales and who could not speak a word of English. The Welsh leaders thought this must be one of their own princes. They said therefore that they

would be quite willing to serve under this ruler of King Edward's choosing.

Then the king sent for his infant son, who had been born a few days before in a Welsh castle. He held out the baby boy to them. "This is your prince," he said; "he was born in Wales, and cannot speak the



OLD CHARING CROSS.

English tongue." This story is most likely not true, but it could only have been told of a man who had a great deal of fun in him.

Edward also fought several battles in Scotland. The Scots were led by William Wallace, of whom we shall read in the next chapter. In the end Edward made the Scots say that he was their overlord. But he gave to them a king of their own,

named John Balliol. This King of Scotland had to kneel before Edward, put his clasped hands within the king's hands and promise to be faithful to him.

When Queen Eleanor died the king was in great grief. "I loved her in her lifetime," said the weeping king; "I do not cease to love her now she is dead." The queen's body was brought to London to be buried. At each place where it rested the king afterwards set up a beautiful stone cross. One of these crosses stood at the place which is now called Charing Cross in London. It is not there now, but a model of it has been set up on the place where it stood.

Two Scottish Heroes

Edward the First was called "The Hammer of the Scots." But he did not find the people of the North so easy to beat as he thought they would be.

At first things went well for the English king. The Scottish nobles took him for their over-lord, and Balliol was made King of Scotland.

After a while Balliol would not do as Edward told him, and the English king took away his crown. Then the Scottish nobles took Edward for their king.

There was at Scone in Scotland a large stone, on which it was said every king of Scotland had sat to be crowned. This was brought by Edward to London.

It was placed below the seat of the chair in which the English kings were crowned. This chair with the stone in it may be seen in Westminster Abbey at the present day.

But the Scottish people were not yet beaten. They rose against the English king under a leader named William Wallace.

This man is said to have been of very great size and strength. He carried a huge sword which none other could wield, and he meant to use it to free his country from the English.

He got together an army and waited for the troops of Edward near Stirling. The English general wished to settle the quarrel without fighting. But Wallace said, "No, we have come, not to make peace, but to set our country free."

Between the two armies ran a river which was crossed by a narrow bridge. Across this bridge came the English, two at a time. When half were over, Wallace fell upon them and cut them to pieces. Their comrades on the other side of the river could only look on without being able to help. They

turned and made their way into England as quickly as they could.

When Edward, who was in England, heard of this he was very angry, and at once marched north with a great army. He came up with Wallace at Falkirk, and a great battle took place. Both sides fought well, but the English king won the day, and Wallace was forced to fly.

After a time he was taken and brought to London. There he was put to death by having his head cut off. But he had begun the fight for freedom, and it was carried on by another Scottish leader, Robert the Bruce.

This man made himself King of Scotland, but Edward marched against him and put him to flight. He lived for a long time in the wild mountains of the west, with only a few men who were true to him.

One day, it is said, he sat in a cave thinking about his sad lot, and almost making up his mind to give in to the English. Looking up, he saw a spider hanging by a silken thread to the roof of the cave. It was trying to climb up to its web.

When it got half way up it slipped down again. Once more it began to climb, and once more fell down. Still it did not give in. Six times it tried, and at last succeeded.

The king made up his mind to persevere as the spider had done. And in time he won success, as we shall see.

King Edward died on his way to Scotland to fight with Bruce. His son, Edward the Second, pushed on with the army, and there was a great battle at Bannockburn.

Before the fight took place, Bruce dug deep holes in the earth in front of his army. In these he set sharp stakes with their points upwards. Then he filled in the holes lightly, and placed turf over them.

Bruce rode down the line of his army mounted on a small horse and carrying a light battle-axe in his hand. An English knight saw him, and went forward alone to fight with him; he rode a great war-horse and carried a heavy spear.

Bruce waited quietly till the knight reached him. Then he quickly drew his horse to one side, and, rising in his stirrups, struck the knight on the head. The man fell dead from his horse. So great was the blow that the handle of Bruce's battle-axe was broken.

The English horsemen now rode forward to attack the Scots. But many of them never reached the Scottish lines. Their horses fell into the pits

made ready for them, and the whole body was thrown into disorder.

Then the English caught sight of a number of Scots on a hill not far away. They were only the camp-followers who looked after the needs of the



ROBERT THE BRUCE.

soldiers. But the English thought they were fresh troops, and lost heart altogether. The whole army of Edward now broke up and fled. The king and a small body of knights made their way to the coast, and went by sea to England. After this Bruce ruled as King of Scotland for many years.

The Battle of Crecy

The battle of Crecy was fought between the English and the French in the reign of Edward the Third. The fight had its name from the small French town of Crecy, near which it took place.

King Edward himself was present at the battle, but the chief glory of the English victory was due to his son Edward, who was known as the Black Prince.

Before the battle there were heavy rain and thunder. Then the dark clouds rolled away and the sun shone brightly. The French had the sunlight on their faces, the English on their backs.

Part of the French army moved forward with their cross-bows ready to shoot. They drew near to the English and raised a loud shout, thinking to fill them with fear. But the English kept quite still; among them was a strong body of archers.

Again and yet again the French foot soldiers gave a loud shout, moving step by step nearer to the English. After the third shout they began to shoot. Then the English archers made one step forward, and their arrows flew so closely that it seemed as if it snowed. The enemy turned and

ran. The French king called out to his horsemen, and ordered them to kill as many of the runaways as they could.

Still the English arrows fell thick and fast, wounding many of the horsemen. Among these



THE BLACK PRINCE

knights was the blind King of Bohemia, who was fighting for the French king. Turning to some of his friends, he said, "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and my brethren at arms this day, therefore as I am blind I beg of you to lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one blow with my sword."

The knights nearest to him promised to do as he wished. They tied the reins of all their horses together, and put the brave king at their head. Then they rode into the battle, and fell fighting bravely against the English. Next day their bodies were found on the ground with their horses tied together.

The fight went on. The English archers were formed in a strong body round the Black Prince and his knights. They stood firmly together, and waited steadily for each rush of the enemy.

At one time some of the Frenchmen broke through the ring of archers and reached the knights in armour round the prince. An English knight left the fight and rode quickly to King Edward, who was watching the battle from the top of a little hill.

"Sire," he cried, "the knights about your son are in danger from the French. They beg of you to bring more men to their aid, for they fear it will go hard with him."

"Is my son dead, thrown from his horse, or badly wounded?" asked King Edward.

"Nothing of the sort, thank God," replied the knight, "but the fight is so fierce that he needs your help."

'Then the king said, "Return to those who sent you. Tell them not to send again for me this day or expect that I shall come as long as my son lives. Say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I wish that all the glory and honour of this day sha' be given to him and the knights by his side."

Then the knight went back to the scene of battle and told what the king had said. This gave them greater strength to fight and to conquer. As the day drew to its close the French king left the field with those few of his men who had not fallen in the great fight.

The Brave Men of Calais

After the battle of Crecy, King Edward moved his army to the northern coast of France. Here stood a town named Calais which he wished to take. It looked out upon the blue waters of the English Channel, and on the land side it was guarded by a strong wall.

The people of Calais would not give up their town to the English king. Edward therefore made up his mind to force them to do so. He placed his army so that he could stop any one from taking

food into the town. He also had ships in the Channel ready to fight any French ship which might try to bring help to the people of Calais.

Before long the food in the town began to grow very scarce. Still the brave people would not give in, and for nearly a year they kept the English king outside the town.

During this time the King of France tried several times to break through the English lines and make his way into Calais. But he was not able to do so. King Edward was a good general and had so placed his men that they could easily keep the French troops from getting near to the wall of the town.

At last the food in the town was all done, and the people of Calais begged their governor to give up the place to the English king.

Edward was very angry because Calais had held out so long. When he heard that it was to be given up he made up his mind to punish the townsfolk very severely. One of his captains, however, named Sir Walter Manny, begged of him to have mercy upon them because they had defended their town so bravely.

Edward was at first unwilling to do this. But at last he said he would spare the town if six of

the men came to him with their heads and feet bare, with ropes round their necks and the keys of



EDWARD III. AT CALAIS.

the town gates and castle in their hands. These men were to be put to death or spared as he wished.

When the people of Calais heard of this there was great grief amongst them. Several of the chief men met together in the market-place and talked over the matter. At last one of them, a great merchant named St. Pierre, said that he would be one of the six. He was soon joined by five others, and they set out for the tent of the English king.

When they came before Edward, St. Pierre knelt before him and said, "Gentle king, here be we six townsmen of Calais and great merchants; we bring you the keys of the town and castle of Calais and give them up to you. We offer ourselves to save the rest of our people, who have borne much pain. So may you have pity and mercy on us."

The king, still full of anger, wished to have the men put to death. Sir Walter Manny begged of him to spare them, and the king was very much vexed with his brave captain. "Hold your peace, Master Walter," he said; "call the headsman. These men have made so many of my people die that they must die themselves."

Then the queen, who stood near King Edward, came forward and knelt at his feet. "Ah, gentle sire," she said with her eyes full of tears, "now pray

I and beseech you with folded hands to have mercy on these men."

The king looked at his wife for a few moments without speaking, and then said, "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else but here; but you ask in such a way that I cannot say nay. I give them to you to do as you please with them."

The queen then took the six men to her own tent. There they were properly clothed and fed, and then taken back to the town which they had saved by their bravery.

Richard the Second and Wat Tyler

King Richard the Second was a grandson of Edward the Third, and son of the Black Prince who fought so bravely in the war in France. This war had cost a great deal of money, so the king's officers said that every one in the country would have to pay his share.

Many of the peasants were angry at this order. They were very poor, and some of them were treated by their masters as if they were slaves. Some of the townsfolk too were not willing to pay the tax. In one place the man who came for the money was very rude, and he was killed by a workman.

Then a large body of the poorer people got together and marched to London. One of their leaders was a man named Wat Tyler. Some of them carried heavy sticks, old blunt swords, and bows and arrows.

On the way they did a great deal of damage. They burnt a number of houses and killed several people. When they got to the banks of the Thames they saw the king in a boat with some of his nobles. Richard at that time was only a boy of fifteen, but he had no fear of the rough men on the river bank.

He stood up in the boat and spoke to them, trying to get them to go home. He would have gone on shore among them if he had not been stopped by the nobles in the boat. When the men saw this they turned and made off towards London. There they did more damage. Several large houses were set on fire. A number of the king's officers were caught and killed. Then a camp was made in a field near the city.

The king rode to this camp with a few of his nobles and spoke to the people. "I am your king and master, my good friends," he said; "what do ye wish?" "Make us free," cried the men, "deliver us from the nobles who work us ill." "This I

grant ye," was the king's answer, and he promised to see that right was done to them. Large numbers of the men went home, but others stayed near London with Tyler.

The next morning these men met the king by chance, and Tyler went forward to speak to him. By the king's side rode the Mayor of London. Tyler spoke roughly to the king, and as he spoke, it is said, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Then the Lord Mayor rode forward and with his dagger struck Tyler to the ground. "Kill, kill," shouted his men when they saw this; "they have killed our captain."

The crowd moved forward, and it seemed as if nothing could save the young king from a cruel death at their hands. But once again he showed that he had no fear. "What would ye have, my men?" he cried, riding boldly forward. "I am your captain and your king. Follow me."

The crowd cheered the boy king, for they were proud of his boldness. Turning his horse, Richard led the way through London, and then sent the men to their homes.

Sad to say, the king did not keep his promises. Many of the men who had marched on London

were afterwards put to death, and Richard would not make the others free. "Slaves ye were," he said, "and slaves ye are. Your new slavery shall be worse than the old."

Joan the Maid

King Henry the Sixth of England was also called King of France. In his time there was much fighting in France between the people of that country and the English. For the French were not at all willing to obey Henry as their king.

The English held a large part of the north of France for some years. But there was one great city called Orleans in the hands of the French, and the English wished to take it. They therefore laid siege to it, and tried to starve the people into giving up the town.

The city held out bravely, though the English pressed hard upon it and did all they could to take it. Then when some time had gone by, the city was saved by a French girl named Joan.

She lived the life of a peasant girl in a small French village, but she often thought with a sad heart of the unhappy state of her country. She was known as "a good girl, simple and pleasant in

her ways," fond of going to church and of taking lonely walks in the forest near her home.

By and by she began to hear voices which bade her go and free her country from the English. And one night, she said, an angel came to her and told her that she, a poor weak maiden, must leave her home and go at once to the help of her king.

The girl's mind was now made up, and she told her friends what she meant to do. Most of them laughed at her, and her father said that she should never set out on such a mad errand. But the girl was firm. "I must go to the king," she said, "even if I wear my limbs to the knees. I would stay with my mother if I might, for I did not choose this great work of myself. God gave it to me, and therefore I must do it."

At last she found one who took her to the French Prince Charles. It is said that though he was standing among a group of nobles and was dressed like them Joan at once knew him to be the prince. "Gentle prince," she said, "I am Joan the Maid, and I am sent by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall yet be crowned King of France."

Then the brave girl made up her mind to lead the French soldiers herself against the English

round Orleans. She dressed herself in armour from head to foot, and mounted a white war-horse with her white banner in her hand. Placing herself at the head of the French, she led them to the attack. Before long the English were driven from the city, and Orleans was saved.

Charles was then taken by the Maid to the French town of Reims, where he was crowned King of France. As he knelt to receive the crown Joan stood by him with a banner in her hand. Then she knelt at his feet and begged to be sent home. "I would," she said, "that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and brothers. They would be glad to see me again."

The king, however, would not let the brave girl return home, for he still had need of her help. There was yet more work to be done, and Joan took part in several other fights with the English. In one of these she was made a prisoner.

The English said that she was a witch and ought to be burnt. Joan was therefore tried, and afterwards put to death in this cruel way. Joan is often spoken of as the Maid of Orleans because she saved that city. Another name for her is Joan of Arc.



JOAN OF ARC AT ORLÉANS.—W. HENRY, R.A.

Queen Margaret and the Robbers

Nearly five hundred years ago there was a great deal of fighting in England to settle who should be king. There were of course two sides in the quarrel. One party wore a red rose as a badge, while the other wore a white rose. Many battles were fought, and much misery was caused in these Wars of the Roses.

King Henry the Sixth was of the party of the Red Rose. He was beaten in a great battle by a prince of the White Rose who became Edward the Fourth. After the battle Henry and Queen Margaret fled to Scotland with their little son.

The queen afterwards told a friend how much she suffered on this journey. She had very little to eat, and at one time had to beg of a soldier, who lent her a small coin to buy bread.

Then a band of robbers met her and took from her man-servant all her rich dresses and jewels. One of these men drew his sword, and with his left hand seized the queen by the hair. He was going to cut off her head, when he turned and saw the other robbers fighting about their share of the queen's goods.

He at once ran away to claim his own share, and the queen was able to get away with her little son. She mounted her servant's horse with the little prince in her arms, and they went off as fast as the horse could go.

At a later time the queen was wandering through a forest with the little prince when they met a robber who was going to kill both of them. But Margaret told the man who she was, and said that the little boy by her side would one day be king of the land.

The man's heart was touched with pity for the poor lady. He fell on his knees before her and asked her to forgive him. Then he promised to take the little prince to a place of safety.

The queen was not willing at first to part with her son, but at last she did so. She herself wished to go and find the king, from whom she had been parted.

The robber, it is said, kept his word like a true man. He took great care of the young prince, and afterwards placed him with friends of King Henry. The queen joined her husband, and after some time her son was also brought to her.

Our First Printer

The first printer in this country was a man named William Caxton, who lived nearly four hundred years ago. Before his time books were written by hand, and there were very few of them. The men who made copies of books were called copyists. They took a long time over the work, which was often beautifully done. In many of our libraries and museums there are books which were made by copyists of the days when people did not know how to print.

Then a man called Gutenberg, who lived in Germany, set up a printing-press and began to print parts of the Bible. Other men learnt from him, and before long there were printers in several towns of Germany, Holland, and other countries of Europe.

People were filled with wonder when they saw how quickly copies of a book could be made by the new plan. The copyists were angry at the printers, and several times the presses were broken to pieces. But the printers set up new presses and went on with their work.

William Caxton left England when he was a



CAXTON SHOWING HIS FIRST SPECIMEN TO EDWARD IV.—D. MACLISE, R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

young man, and set himself to learn how to print. When he came back, after thirty-five years, he brought a printing-press with him. Thus he became our first printer.

He set up his press near the Abbey of Westminster, and began to print his first books. One of them was a book about the game of chess, and another was a book of stories about the heroes of the olden days.

In this book of stories Caxton speaks of the old and slow plan of copying and the new plan of printing a book. "In the writing," he says, "my pen is worn, my hand weary and not steadfast, my eyes dimmed with too much looking on the white paper. But all this is changed when a book is printed, for it may be begun in one day and also finished in one day."

Caxton's printing-press was visited by many people who wished to see the wonder for themselves. In the picture on page 71 we see King Edward the Fourth, his queen, and his three children paying a visit to the printer.

The king and queen stand on the right of the master printer with their two sons and daughter near them. Behind them stand some of the nobles of their court.

Caxton is showing a printed sheet of paper to the royal party. It is fresh from the wet type which lies on the table before him. The boys near the printing-press are Caxton's apprentices; the men to the right and left are his workmen. One of these men on the right is looking through the frame of the printing-machine. He holds in his hands two inkers, which were used for putting the ink on the type. Above his head are some printed sheets drying on a line.

The printing-presses of our own time are not so simple as that used by Caxton. But his machine was the first in our land and he was our first master printer.

The Little Princes

Edward the Fifth, son of Edward the Fourth, was only twelve when he came to the throne of England. He was king for only five months.

He had an uncle called Duke Richard, who was not a good man. This nobleman took charge of the young king and kept him in a strong fortress in London called the Tower.

King Edward had a little brother, a boy of nine years old. This young prince was called Richard, Duke of York.

The queen was afraid of Duke Richard. She thought that he wanted to be king himself and that he might kill her little sons.

So she took her younger son with her to a great church in London. While she was there she knew that no one might take her boy from her, not even the greatest noble in the land.

But Duke Richard had made up his mind to send the king's little brother to the Tower as well. He did not dare to send his soldiers into the church to fetch the prince; but he tried another plan.

He sent a priest to ask the queen to let her little son come and join his brother. The queen clung to her boy and at first would not let him go.

Then the priest said that the little king missed his brother very much and wanted to play with him. He also promised that no harm should come to the boy.

The queen at last gave way. She kissed her boy and said, "Farewell, my own sweet son. Let me kiss you once before you go, for we may never kiss one another again." The little prince cried and clung to his mother. But he was taken away to join his brother in the Tower.

Not long afterwards Duke Richard made himself king with the title of Richard the Third. He said



DUKE RICHARD AND THE LITTLE PRINCES.

that the little King Edward had no right to the throne, and he had so many soldiers on his side that no one dared to say that he was wrong.

A short time passed and King Richard said that

the two little princes were no longer in the Tower. They had gone, he said, and he could not tell where.

Many people said that this was not true but that King Richard had given orders for the two boys to be killed. And some years afterwards a man told this story of their death.

King Richard, he said, had sent an order to two men to go to the Tower and put the boys to death. They went, and found the boys in bed fast asleep and locked in each other's arms.

The cruel men took pillows and held them over the faces of the poor boys till they were dead. Then they buried their bodies at the foot of the stairs leading to their bedroom.

The king who is said to have ordered this cruel deed was killed in battle only two years afterwards. He was not liked by his people, who were glad when a new king came to rule over them. King Richard was called Crookback, because one of his shoulders was higher than the other.

The Great Armada

During the time of our great Queen Elizabeth, King Philip of Spain sent a large fleet of ships against England. It was called the Great Armada, and it carried a large number of Spanish soldiers. They were going, it was said, to land on our shores and take our country from us.

When the English knew that the Armada was on its way they kept a sharp look-out for it. They were ready with their own ships to fight to the death. The English vessels were smaller than those of the Spaniards, and there were not so many of them. But the hearts of the English were stout and brave, and their leaders were the "sea-dogs" of Queen Elizabeth.

Drake and a few others of her brave sea-captains were one day playing a game at bowls on Plymouth Hoe. As they played a man came rushing up to them. He was out of breath with running, but as soon as he could speak he told the captains that the Spanish ships had been seen.

Most of the gentlemen wished to stop the game and hurry to their ships. But Drake was quite calm and cool. "We have plenty of

time," he said, "to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too."

The news of the coming of the Armada was soon sent all over the country. This was done by lighting bonfires on the tops of hills or mountains where they could be seen for miles around. Armed men were ready to defend the towns. The queen rode down to Tilbury, near the mouth of the Thames, and spoke to the men who were ready to fight for the city of London if the Spaniards should land.

"I know," she said to them, "that I have the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too. Rather than any harm should come to my people, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general." The soldiers greeted her speech with loud cheering and cries of "God save our queen!" Her brave words put fresh spirit into them, and they were ready to fight, and if need arose, to die for their queen and country.

Before long the Great Armada came sailing up the English Channel. The ships were arranged in the form of a half moon so as to sweep everything before them.

The English ships put out from Plymouth Bay and followed the Great Armada as it sailed proudly

on. The Spaniards meant to anchor off the French town of Calais and take on board a large number of Spanish soldiers who were waiting for them.

But before they could do so they had a great deal of fighting to do. The English ships attacked them again and again, firing their guns into the hulls of the huge Spanish vessels. When the enemy fired in return the shot from their high decks passed over the small English ships and did not do much harm. For a whole week this fighting went on, and the Spaniards lost a good many men and a few of their ships before they reached Calais.

While the Armada lay off the French coast the English sent among them a number of fire ships. These were old vessels filled with all kinds of things which would burn long and fiercely, and they were fired and sent adrift among the ships when night had come on.

The Spanish sailors were filled with wild terror. They cut their ships adrift and stood out to sea. Then Drake came up and attacked them. A great fight followed, and the Spaniards lost six of their huge vessels. "We are lost," cried their leader, and the word was given to make all haste back to Spain.

But the English kept the Channel and barred

the way. There was no return for the Armada by the way it had come. The only way home was right round England and Scotland, and so out into the Atlantic.

So the Spanish ships sped northward by the east coast of our island. The English could not follow them, for their food and shot had run out. But when the ships of Spain reached the stormy seas of the north, many of them were wrecked. Others were sunk or dashed to pieces off the coast of Ireland. Only fifty out of nearly one hundred and fifty reached the coast of Spain. Such was the end of the proud Armada which was sent to make England part of the kingdom of Philip of Spain.

Drake, who helped to defeat the Spaniards, was the first Englishman who sailed round the world. He was made Sir Francis Drake by the queen when he came back. She called him her "knight of the seas."

Sir Walter Raleigh

On the opposite page we have a picture of Queen Elizabeth paying a visit to the Lord Mayor of London. The queen is mounted on a beautiful horse, which is held by one of her servants. Behind her are the ladies and gentlemen of her court.



OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE BY QUEEN ELIZABETH. - E. CROFTS, R.A.
(From the picture in the Royal Exchange, by kind permission of the artist.)

This picture gives us a good idea of the dress worn in the days of this queen. Elizabeth was very fond of fine clothes, and she liked to have people about her who were richly dressed, though they had to take care not to dress more gaily than herself.

Among the gentlemen of her court was one named Walter Raleigh. One day, it is said, the queen was out walking when she came to a muddy place in the road. She looked first at the dirt and then at her pretty shoes and lovely dress.

Raleigh stepped quickly before the queen and took off the rich cloak which he wore. Without a word he spread it over the dirty place in the path, and then bowed low before his mistress. Elizabeth looked very much pleased, and gave the young man a sweet smile as she walked across his cloak.

Raleigh did not spend all his time at the court of the queen. He sailed to America, and was one of the first Englishmen who learnt from the Indians the use of tobacco.

One day he was smoking at home when his servant came into the room. The man thought that his master was on fire, and ran at once for some water, which he threw over him. Others who tell this story say that the servant was

bringing ale in a jug, and tossed this on his master. •

Raleigh was made *Sir* Walter by Elizabeth, and he had a share in beating the Spanish ships of the Great Armada. Afterwards, however, he was put into prison by the queen, whom he had displeased. He was a lover of books, and while a prisoner spent most of his time in study. He was set free after some time, and went again to America to try to find some gold mines of which he had heard.

Raleigh did not find these gold mines, but he learnt many things about the great land across the ocean, and about the Indians who lived there. He often spoke to these people, and told them about the great queen in his own country. They were never tired of hearing about her, and asked many questions of Raleigh and his friends.

"What was she like?" they asked; and the traveller showed them a picture of Elizabeth. Then they went down on their knees before the queen's portrait to show how great was their respect for her.

When Queen Elizabeth died Raleigh was put into prison by the new king, who did not like him. After some time he was set free because he promised to sail to America to find a gold mine and give the king a share of the treasure.

This was the brave sailor's last visit to the land across the ocean. He lost his son in a fight with the Spaniards, and did not find any gold. When he came back to England he was put to death. The king was angry with him for fighting the Spaniards, with whom he wished to be at peace.

The Cup of Water

Here is a very short story which is worth a great many long ones. It is about Sir Philip Sidney, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was a poet, and a man of a very gentle and loving nature. But when the need arose he could fight as bravely as the best of his queen's brave men.

An English army was sent across the North Sea to fight for the queen in a country called Flanders. With this army went Sir Philip Sidney as one of its officers.

A battle took place near a town named Zutphen, and during the struggle Sidney was wounded in the thigh. He had thrown himself into the thickest of the fight, and fought like a lion till he fell wounded from his horse.

His friends soon saw that there was no hope for

him, and as he lay dying one of them brought a cup of cold water to wet his parched lips.

Sidney looked up, and was about to drink, when he saw a wounded soldier lying on the ground not far away and looking with longing eyes at the water. Sidney pushed the cup from his lips untasted, turned his head towards the wounded man and said, "Take it, friend, thy need is yet greater than mine."

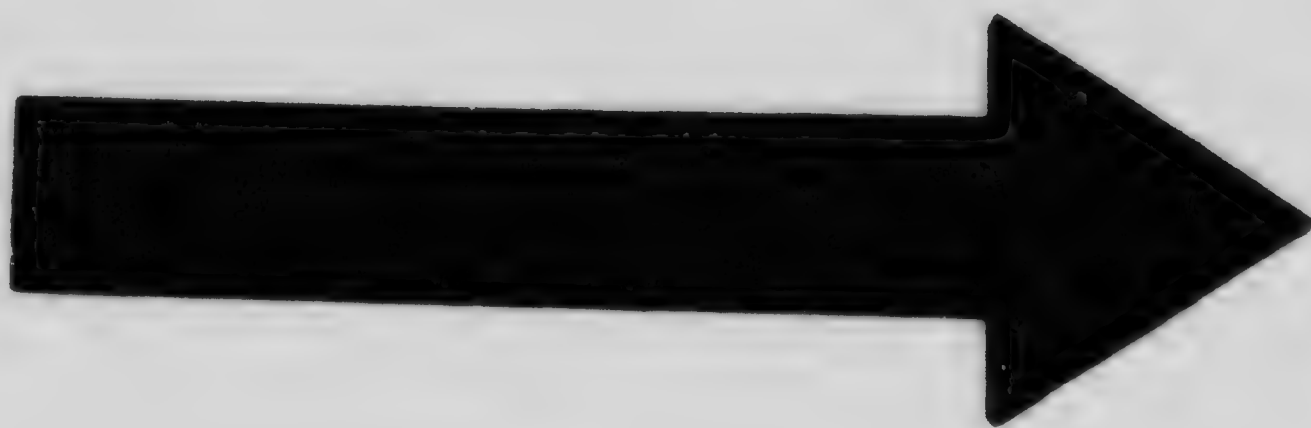
The brave, unselfish soldier died not long afterwards, and his body was brought home to England to be buried.

We shall always remember him as the man who could forget himself and think of others even in the hour of death.

Mary, Queen of Scots

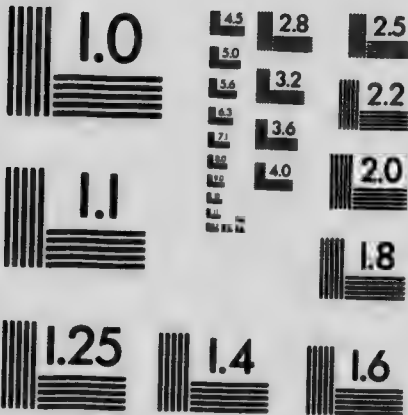
While England was ruled by Queen Elizabeth, Scotland had a queen named Mary. The Scottish queen was a very beautiful woman, and she is nearly always spoken of as Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mary did many things which did not please her people, and at last some of them made up their minds that she should be queen no longer. A number of the nobles therefore took the queen and



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc.

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

shut her up within a strong castle on an island in Loch Leven.

While she was a prisoner two of the nobles paid her a visit. They made her sign a certain paper promising to give up the crown to her little son James. She did not wish to sign it, but one of the nobles made her do so. Then they left the castle, telling the guards to keep a strict watch over their prisoner.

But Mary had friends outside the castle who wished her to try and escape. One of them sent her a message saying that he would come to the shore of the lake with fifty horsemen if the queen would try by some means to get out of the castle.

It was not easy to do this, for the guards were very watchful. The queen tried to get away through the window of the room, but she was not able to do this. Then she hit upon another plan.

At supper-time every night all the guards left their posts and came into the castle hall for the meal. The great gate was locked, and the key was always laid on the table where the governor of the castle sat at supper.

The queen wished to get this key into her hands. She therefore made a friend of the governor's young page, who waited on his master at supper-time.



THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY.

This boy was able to get the key in the following way.

At supper-time he brought in a dish of hot meat, holding it with a cloth so that he should not burn his hands. As he laid the dish before his master he made the cloth cover the key. Then when he lifted the cloth again he took the key with it. He next went quickly to the queen's room to tell her that all was ready.

Queen Mary with her maids stole quietly down the winding castle stair. The page went before them and opened the gate. They all passed out, and the gate was then locked from the outside, so that those within would not be able to get out.

Near the shore of the island was a little boat which was used by the governor of the castle and his servants. Into this the queen and her party quickly stepped. The page took the oars and pulled for the land. Not a word was spoken.

Then there rang through the still night air the sound of a gun. Those in the castle had found out that the queen had fled. But they were shut up, and if they had got out they had no boat to give chase. They could do nothing except fire a few shots, which missed the boat in the darkness.

When the queen stepped on shore she saw

standing near a number of horsemen. Their leader came forward, knelt, kissed her hand, and then lifted her upon a horse. The maids and the page were also mounted, and the party set off at a gallop. They made for a place on the sea-shore about five miles away.

There they went on board a small ship, and sailed along the coast to a place of safety. Afterwards a battle was fought, but the queen's army was beaten. Mary made her way into England, and was afterwards put into prison by Queen Elizabeth.

After some years the Queen of England found that certain men were plotting to drive her from the throne and make Mary Queen of England. The Queen of Scots was therefore put to death. "You ought to be glad and not to weep," she said to one of her servants on the last morning of her life, "for the end of my troubles is now come."

The Fight of the "Revenge"

Hear now a tale of one of the "sea-dogs" of Queen Elizabeth. His name was Sir Richard Grenville, and his ship was called the *Revenge*.

Six English ships were lying near some islands

in the Atlantic, and the *Revenge* was one of them. Some of the sailors had fallen sick and had been put on shore to get well.

Then there came bounding across the water a small English vessel bringing news for the admiral, Lord Howard. "Spanish ships of war at sea!" cried the captain. "We have sighted fifty-three!"

It was useless to think of fighting fifty-three with six. So at least thought Howard. He therefore sailed away with five ships, leaving Grenville to take the sick sailors on board the *Revenge*.

Sir Richard set to work. But before all the men had been taken on board the Spaniards came in sight—fifty-three great war-ships, each of them much larger than the *Revenge*. The largest of all was the *San Philip*, which towered like a mountain out of the water and had three rows of guns pointing from each side.

Some of the sailors on board the *Revenge* wished to turn the ship and make all haste away. But this Sir Richard would not do. Before him lay the great Spanish ships drawn up in two lines, one to his right, the other to his left. He meant to run his little ship between them, and fight his way through them all. One against fifty-three!

His men caught his spirit, and a cheer rose from

their throats. Then the little ship moved forward to pass down that long "sea-lane."

The Spaniards laughed merrily when they saw what Grenville meant to do. Before long the *Revenge* came close up to the *San Philip*. Then the Spanish ships closed round her, and the famous fight began.

The shot poured down upon the deck of the *Revenge*. She answered by firing into the hulls of the Spanish ships, as the English had done when the Great Armada came to take London.

The *San Philip* moved off, but others came close enough to allow some of the Spaniards to leap upon the deck of the *Revenge*. This they did many times, but each time they were driven back, leaving many of their comrades dead on the deck of the English ship.

The sun went down, darkness fell, and the stars shone in the sky. But the fight went on, and the Spaniards were beaten off again and again. Some of their ships were sunk and others were made unfit to fight any longer. The *Revenge* too was almost a wreck, but Grenville's cry was still "Fight on! Fight on!"

Morning dawned, and the great Spanish fleet lay in a ring round the brave little *Revenge*. She had

at first a hundred men. Now she had about sixty, and half of these were wounded.

Yet Grenville would not yield. He could not conquer but he could die. So he ordered the master gunner to sink the ship and spoil the Spaniards of their prey.

But the men of the *Revenge* would not hear of this. They had fought a good fight and they loved their lives. There was no shame if one yielded to fifty-three. So they gave in, and Sir Richard was taken on board one of the Spanish ships.

The Spaniards treated him well, for they loved a brave man when they met one. But he was badly wounded, and before long he died saying that he had only done his duty, as a man is bound to do.

The *Revenge* sailed away with the Spaniards. But a storm arose, and she went down along with several of the Spanish ships.

The Gunpowder Plot

Remember, remember
The Fifth of November.

When this day comes round many boys amuse themselves by letting off fireworks. I wonder how many of them know why they do so and why we remember the Fifth of November.

Three hundred years ago we had a king named James the First. In the third year of his reign some wicked men made a plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament in London with gunpowder.

They knew that the king would go on the 5th of November with many of his nobles to open Parliament. So they made up their minds to blow up the place while King James was inside.

They hired a house near the river and opposite to the Parliament House. Here they stored a number of barrels of gunpowder. It was brought by water to this house, and each boat-load was covered with wood so that people might not see what was being done.

After a time the plotters were able to hire a cellar under the Parliament House. The powder was taken across the river and placed in this cellar.

There were in all thirty-six barrels, and they were hid under heaps of firewood.

One man, named Guy Fawkes, an old soldier, was chosen to set fire to the powder when the proper time came. All was now ready for the wicked deed.

But the deed was never done. One of the plotters had friends among those who would be with the king on the 5th of November. He did not wish these men to be killed, so he sent a letter to one of them telling him not to go to Parliament on the opening day. In this letter he said that the king and his nobles would be struck a fearful blow and would not be able to see who hurt them.

This letter was shown to the king himself. He read it over and guessed that the Houses of Parliament were to be blown up with gunpowder. In this he was quite right, as we know.

On the night of the 4th of November soldiers were sent to search the cellars under the Houses of Parliament. There they found Guy Fawkes ready to do his dreadful work. They made him a prisoner and took him to the Tower. Then they tried to make him tell who his friends were but he would not do so.

Several of the other plotters were afterwards

caught, and some of them were put to death along with Guy Fawkes. People were very glad that this wicked plot had been found out before any one was hurt.

So you see why we remember the Fifth of November—because on that day, three hundred years ago, our king and a great number of the first men in the land were saved from a great danger.

The Pilgrim Fathers

Across the great Atlantic Ocean there is a country called the United States. It is many times larger than our own land, and contains a very great number of people who call themselves Americans.

They speak the English language and live in much the same way as we do. But three hundred years ago there were no white people in that country. It was then the land of the Red Indians, who lived in the great forests and hunted the wild beasts with bows and arrows.

Among the very first white people who landed on its shores was a party of English men and women, who are often spoken of as the Pilgrim Fathers. Most of them came from the county of Nottingham,

and they left England because they thought they would be happier in another country.

They went first across the North Sea to Holland, and stayed there for some time. Then they made up their minds to sail across the great ocean to America and found a New England.

They hired two small ships to make the journey. One was called the *Speedwell* and the other the *Mayflower*. Both were wooden sailing ships and very unlike the great iron steamships which cross the ocean in our own day.

There were more than one hundred of the travellers, and among them were many women and little children. It was autumn when they set out, a time when great storms often sweep across the ocean; and if they ever reached their new home they had the long cold winter before them. But they had brave hearts and were not afraid.

Soon after they set out it was found that the *Speedwell* was not fit to cross the ocean. The ship was therefore taken back and the *Mayflower* went on alone.

At first the weather was fine and the journey pleasant. Then fierce storms swept down upon the little ship, and she was tossed about by the winds and the waves. One of her beams was twisted out



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—CHARLES LUTY

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

of its place, and the captain feared that they might have to go back. But the beam was put right by the sailors and the ship sailed on.

One day a young man was thrown over the side of the ship as she was tossed by the wind. As he fell he was able to catch hold of a sail rope, and he clung to it with all his strength.

He sank into the sea and was for a moment lost to sight. Then the ship righted herself, and he was lifted out of the water still holding the rope in his hands. In a few minutes he had climbed up the side and stood safe and sound upon the deck of the ship.

After several weeks the *Mayflower* came in sight of land, and there was great joy on board. The pilgrims made ready to go on shore, but at first they did not know where to land.

The shore which they could see from the deck of the ship looked very dreary and lonesome. There were no friends to welcome them, no inns where they might refresh themselves, no houses to shelter them; only the bleak, rocky coast lay before them and the stormy sea behind.

The captain of the *Mayflower* told the leaders of the little band that they must make up their minds at once to go on shore. He wished to return to England as soon as he could, for he was afraid,

he said, that the food on the ship might not last till he reached home again.

The pilgrims therefore left the *Mayflower* and landed with their goods near Cape Cod. They had to build for themselves wooden huts near the border of the forest, which came almost to the water's edge. Their supply of food was very small, and during the winter which followed they had great hardships to bear. Many of them died and others fell sick. Then before long they had to fight with the Indians who lived in the forest, and who did not want the white man to settle in their land.

But the settlers held out bravely, and in time they were joined by others from England and elsewhere. They cut down the trees and tilled the ground. More houses were built, and strong fences were set up to keep out the Indians. There were many fierce fights, but little by little the red men were beaten back.

One day, it is said, an Indian came into the camp of the white men. He carried a snake's skin filled with arrows, as a sign that the red men were going to make an attack upon the settlers. Some of the leaders wished to speak kindly to the messenger, for they longed for peace and quiet.

But one of them, Myles Standish, a small man

with a stout heart, took the skin and pulled out the arrows. Then he filled it with bullets and powder and gave it to the Indian, who knew at once what he meant. The warrior went quietly away without a word, and Standish got ready his men for a battle. A fight followed, and the Indians were beaten.

As the years went by the settlement in America grew greater and greater. Others were made on different parts of the coast washed by the Atlantic. But that made by the Pilgrim Fathers came to be called New England after their native land across the seas.

Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell

A war between two countries is a very terrible thing. Men on both sides may do very brave deeds, but even this does not take away the sorrow and misery of war.

But when two parties of the same nation fight against each other it is a still more terrible thing. When this happens there is said to be civil war.

More than once there has been civil war in our own land. There was the war of the barons against King John in the time of the Great Charter; there

were the Wars of the Roses, which ended with the death of Richard Crookback; and there was the Great Civil War, which began in the time of Charles the First.

Charles was the son of the King James who was to have been blown up by Guy Fawkes. He was a brave man, but did not make a good king.

A large number of his subjects therefore formed a party against him, and the Great Civil War began. Those who were on the king's side were called Cavaliers, and those who were on the other side were called Roundheads.

The king's men were nearly all horsemen, and they were brave and very merry and gay. They wore long flowing curls, and dressed in bright colours. The Roundheads got this name because they wore their hair closely cropped. They too were brave men, but quieter, and they did not dress so gaily as the Cavaliers.

Charles led his own party, and the chief leader of the Roundheads was a man called Oliver Cromwell. Many fights took place between the two parties, and in the end the king was made a prisoner.

He was tried in London before a number of men of the Roundhead party. The king said that these

men had no right to try him, but they would not listen to him. They said that he had done great harm to the people of England, and he must die for his faults.

The king was taken away, and three days later his head was cut off. He met his death like the brave man that he was. Only once in our history have the people of England tried and put to death their king.

After the death of Charles there was no king in England for eleven years. The chief man in the country was Oliver Cromwell. He ruled like a king, but he was called the Lord Protector.

Cromwell was a brave and wise man, and in many ways he did well for his country. He fought against Prince Charles, the son of Charles the First, and the prince had to leave England. In time he became king, as we shall see.

In Cromwell's time there was war with Spain. Ships were sent across the Atlantic, and they took from Spain a large island called Jamaica, where sugar is grown. They also caught several Spanish ships filled with treasure.

There was also a war with the Dutch, in which the English ships were led by Admiral Blake. In one battle he was beaten, and the Dutch leader



OLIVER CROMWELL.—BY CHARLES LUCY.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

sailed down the English Channel with a broom at his mast-head. This was to show that he had swept the English ships before him. But before long he was beaten by Blake in another great sea battle.

At one time some of the leading men came to Cromwell to offer him the crown and the title of king. But he would not take them because he knew that if he did the army would not be pleased.

He died at last, worn out by his work. He had been a farmer before he was a soldier, and just before his death he said, "I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside and to have kept a flock of sheep rather than take up this work."

A Prince's Wanderings

When King Charles had been put to death his son was crowned as king in Scotland. Then he marched with an army to fight Cromwell. As we know, he was beaten and had to leave England.

He did not find it easy to get away after his last battle at Worcester. Cromwell's men had been told to look for him and make him prisoner if they could.

With a few friends he went on foot to Boscobel

House not far away. Here he was dressed like a countryman. He wore a green coat, trousers of rough cloth, and heavy shoes. These shoes, as he afterwards said, "made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir."

Many stories have been told of the way in which he made his escape. It is said that soldiers came to Boscobel House to look for him. He was therefore taken by one of his friends to a large and leafy oak-tree. Into this tree the two men climbed, and the thick leaves hid them from sight.

By and by some of Cromwell's men came along. They looked in every way for the prince except up the tree. Then they passed on, and for that time at least Charles was safe. He came down from the tree and made his way towards the coast.

The journey to the coast was long and full of danger. In after years Charles would tell with great glee of what happened on the way.

At one place he and his friends were taken for thieves because they were so ragged. The people of the village, led by a miller, therefore chased them away. They had no idea that they were driving away the son of the man who had been their king.

At another time Charles was sitting at dinner in

a certain house. Beside him sat a man who had fought for him at Worcester but did not know him.

This man told Charles all about the fight, and the prince listened as if he knew nothing about it. "Is Prince Charles a tall man?" he asked. "He is about four inches taller than yourself," answered the man. The master of the house knew who Charles was, but he was kind enough not to say so.

One day the prince came to an inn for a meal. He stood for a few moments with his hands on the back of a chair near the fire. The inn-keeper looked closely at him. Then he came forward, knelt, and kissed the hand of the prince to show that he knew who he was. But he did not make it known to any one else, lest Charles might be taken by Cromwell's men.

On went the prince, weary and footsore. When he reached the coast he found it very hard to get a ship to take him to France. But at last he found one and left the country.

At a French town he stayed at an inn before going to the French king, who was his friend. The people of the inn thought that a man so poorly dressed could not be honest. So they went into the room before he left to see if he had stolen anything.

The Restoration

After the death of Oliver Cromwell the people of England made up their minds to have a king once more. At that time Prince Charles was in Holland, a country on the other side of the North Sea. Certain gentlemen were therefore sent to ask him to come and take the crown. Charles was quite willing to do so, and at once made ready to return to England.

In the month of May the English ships set sail across the North Sea. The king had changed the names of some of them before they started. One of them was called the *Naseby* after one of the battles in the unhappy war between his father and the Roundheads. To this vessel, in which he was to sail himself, the new king gave his own name—*Charles*.

The weather was bright and fine as the ships set out to sail home, and the party on the king's ship was very happy and merry. Charles told stories of his wanderings and his many escapes from Cromwell's soldiers. Some of these stories we have already read.

The ships took two days to cross the North Sea,

and on the twenty-fifth day of the month they came in sight of the white cliffs of Dover. Charles wished to land at this place and go by road to London. The ships were therefore stopped, and every one made ready to go on shore.

After breakfast a boat was brought to the side of the king's ship, and Charles got into it with his brother James, who afterwards became James the Second. Other gentlemen stepped into the boat, and then came the king's servant, who carried his master's favourite dog in his arms.

The boat was pushed off, and made for the beach. The captain of the *Charles* steered, and the gentlemen with the king stood near their master with bared heads.

On the beach and cliffs of Dover stood a great crowd of people waiting to see the king land. Among them was General Monk, who had done a great deal to get the people to ask King Charles to return to England. Near him stood the Mayor of Dover and a large number of nobles and gentlemen. Guns were fired in salute as the king stepped from the boat upon the beach. The people raised a loud and hearty cheer, and General Monk with his party moved forward to meet the king.

Taking off his hat, the general knelt on one



RESTORATION.—BENJAMIN WEST.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

knee before the king and gave him welcome to his kingdom. Charles, who was richly dressed, thanked him, and, taking him by the hand, told him to rise. The Mayor also came forward, and in the name of the people of Dover wished the king much joy and happiness, long life, and a happy reign. Charles thanked him also, and then he made his way to a beautiful coach which was to carry him to London.

At every town and village on the way the new king was greeted with much joy by the people. They were very glad indeed to have a king once more, and hoped that now all the time of trouble was past and gone. Charles was much pleased with the welcome he received. "It is my own fault," he said, laughing, "that I had not come back sooner; for I find nobody who does not tell me he has always longed for my return."

The return of Charles is called the Restoration. It took place in May as we have seen. The 29th of this month is still kept in some places in memory of the king's return. It is called Royal Oak Day because, after his last battle, Charles hid from Cromwell's soldiers in an oak-tree.

A Burning City

A house on fire is a sight which fills most people with fear. But what would be their feelings if they saw "ten thousand houses all in one flame"?

This terrible sight was really seen by the people of London in the time of Charles the Second, of whom we read in our last story. How the Great Fire of London began no one is quite certain. But when once it had taken hold of the wooden houses of that time it spread very quickly indeed.

The people of the burning houses made haste to take away their goods, but most of them lost a great many things which were of much value to them.

Numbers of people went down to the side of the river, where they hired boats and put off into the middle of the stream. Even here they were not quite safe. Sparks were flying thickly in many ways, and often set fire to things far away from the burning houses.

A gentleman who watched the fire tells how the pigeons seemed to be unwilling to leave their nests in the burning houses. The poor birds flew round and round them as if they did not know what to

do. Many had their wings burnt, and fell down into the flames.

The fire went on, gaining strength as the wind rose. The flames roared loudly. Now and again a tower or a church steeple would fall with a great crash. The sky was hidden by a thick cloud of smoke, which was lit up with the red glare of the flames. Women screamed and wrung their hands in terror. Crowds of people ran this way and that, not knowing what to do; but as yet no one had tried to put out the fire.

Then men were sent to pull down some of the houses. This was done to make open spaces where the flames would have nothing to feed upon. In some places houses were blown up with gunpowder. The noise of the explosions only added to the great terror of the people.

King Charles left his palace and went himself to the scene of the fire. It is said that it was he who gave orders to blow up some of the houses with gunpowder. He also sent soldiers to different parts of the city to help in the fight with the flames. At last the fire began to die down, but it was some days before it was quite put out.

Then it was found that no less than ninety churches had been burnt down. Among these was



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.
From the picture in the Royal Exchange, by kind permission of the artist.

St. Paul's Cathedral. A great number of other large buildings were destroyed, but the fire did not reach that part of London in which the king's palace stood.

The Great Fire of London was not a bad thing in every way. Before it broke out the city had been visited by the plague. This was a fearful disease which killed a great many people in a very short time. It spread quickly because the streets of London at that time were narrow and dirty.

The fire swept away many of these streets. When people began to build the houses again they made broader streets where the fresh air could come and the light was not shut out. London thus became a cleaner and sweeter city than it had been before the Great Fire.

They also built the new houses of stone or brick instead of wood. This made the city much safer. When fires broke out again they did not spread as they had done when many of the houses were built of wood.

Bonnie Prince Charlie

In the time of George the Second there was living in France an old man who said that he was King of England and of Scotland. This was James Stuart, whose father had been driven from the throne of England because he did not rule well.

James Stuart had a son named Charles Edward, who called himself Prince of Wales. This young man made up his mind to go to Scotland and try to raise the Scots against King George. He hoped also to get many of the English on his side and win the crown for his father.

Prince Charlie, as he is often called, sailed from France with a small party of friends. They landed on an island in the west of Scotland, and after a time the prince got together a small army of men from the Highlands. At the head of these men he marched southward to Edinburgh.

Many people in this city were glad to see him. He went to a royal palace not far away, and one night gave a splendid ball. There were music and dancing, and every one was very gay. The pleasant manners and handsome face of the young prince won the hearts of all whom he met.

An English army now marched northward. Prince Charlie gathered his Highland men, and moved out of Edinburgh. Before long he came upon the English army, and in one wild charge the men from the Highlands swept them from the field.

One man in the prince's army found a watch on the field after the battle. He heard it ticking, and thought it must be alive. After some hours the ticking stopped, for the man did not know how to wind the watch, so he sold it for a small sum. "I was glad to be rid of her," he said afterwards, "for she lived no time after I caught her."

Prince Charlie now marched into England, and got as far as Derby. Then his men lost heart, for the English troops in great numbers were closing round them. They marched back into Scotland, and before long were beaten by one of King George's generals.

Prince Charlie escaped from the battlefield. For a long time he wandered about in the wild country of the west of Scotland. The English soldiers were looking for him, and more than once he was nearly caught.

At one time he was helped to escape from his enemies by a young lady named Flora Macdonald. She was going to the island of Skye, and said she

would take the prince with her dressed as a woman-servant.

Prince Charlie was therefore dressed in a gown of a light colour, and also wore an apron and a long cloak. He was nearly six feet in height, and looked taller still in his women's clothes. Miss Macdonald called him Betty Burke, and made out that he was an Irish girl. She also had a man-servant with her.

There were many soldiers in the district, and all were on the look-out for the prince. But none of them thought that he had anything to do with the tall woman who strode after Miss Macdonald. The young lady was full of fear lest they might be taken. But she kept a brave heart, and did not show the fear she felt.

The little party hired a boat, and crossed the sea during a great storm. On the way Prince Charlie sang songs and told stories to keep up the hearts of the others.

They landed in safety on the coast of Skye. Betty Burke was left sitting on a box on the beach while Miss Macdonald and Neil went to the house. Then when she saw that all was safe, the young lady sent a man to take the prince to a house where he would be among friends. Afterwards he was able to get away to France.

A Famous Rock

On the south coast of Spain there is a piece of land which runs out into the sea and ends in a very high rock. On this rock flies the British flag, for though it is part of Spain it belongs to Britain. It is known as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The British use it as a fortress. There are many holes in its sides, out of which point the great guns. A number of our soldiers live there, and they are trained to manage the guns.

Two hundred years ago it was a Spanish fortress, and we were at war with Spain. One day a British fleet came by, and the admiral, who was named Rooke, made up his mind to try and take it. He therefore landed some men on the narrow neck of land which joins the Rock to the mainland.

The Spaniards thought that the place was too strong to be taken. They had only a small number of men on the Rock, and they do not seem to have kept a sharp look-out. While most of the Spaniards were at church a few of Rooke's men climbed up a steep path to the top of the Rock and hoisted the British flag.

Since that day it has never been hauled down.



THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF GIBRALTAR.—J. E. COPLEY, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Both France and Spain have tried to take the Rock from us, but they have not been able to do so.

At one time they joined together and laid siege to the place. They had soldiers on the land side and a number of ships on the sea. For six days they fired heavy guns at the fortress, but did very little harm.

Now and again during the next three years they made attacks on the Rock. But the British held out bravely although they had very little food. They were under the command of General Elliott.

At last the enemy made a great effort. They got a number of floating platforms or batteries on which heavy guns were mounted. Then an attack was made by sea and land at the same time.

But the British set fire to the batteries by firing red-hot balls from their cannon. They also burnt some of the enemy's ships by the same means. The French and Spaniards were beaten off. When night came the British could see their burning ships and hear the loud cries of the poor men on board.

They were filled with pity at the dreadful sight. So the general sent men to help the enemy, and they were able to save a great number from death. You may get some idea of the scene by looking at the picture on page 119.

A few days afterwards a British fleet, under Lord Howe, came to Gibraltar. The French and Spanish ships went away, and the long siege was over.

George Stephenson—the Father of Railways

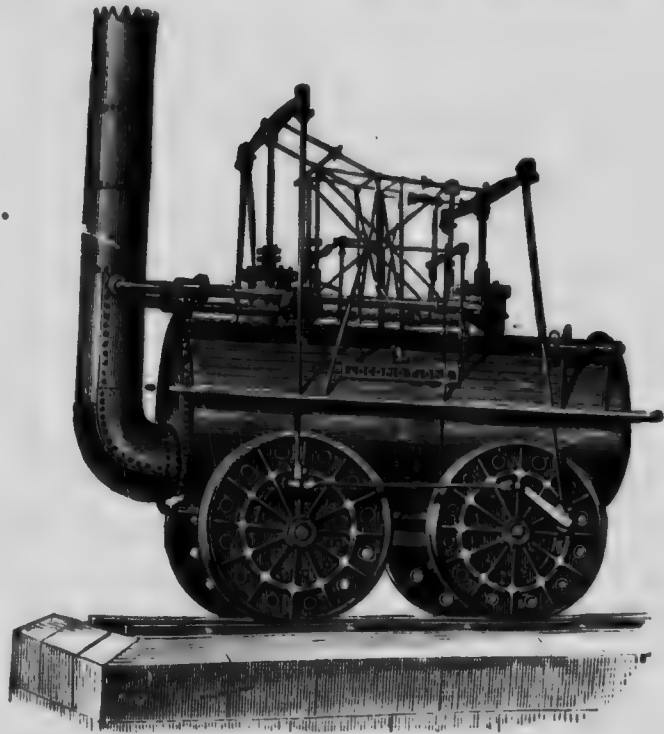
There are few boys and girls who have not seen a railway engine. On the next page there is a picture of one of the first railway engines. It is called Locomotion, as you may see, and it was built by a man named George Stephenson.

This great man has been called the Father of Railways because he made the first engine which ran on rails. He lived in the north of England, and when he was a boy he was very poor.

His father worked at a coal-pit as a fireman and made very small wages. There was no money to send his son to school, so the boy had to grow up without learning to read or write.

George spent his time in taking care of his little brothers and sisters. Near his mother's cottage was the railway on which ran the waggons laden with coal from the pit. The rails were made of wood and the waggons were drawn by horses. George's duty was to see that the little ones did not wander upon the railway.

When he was eight years old he went to work as a cow-boy, and he was paid twopence a day. His spare time was spent in making all kinds of things



"LOCOMOTION."

—whistles out of reeds and clay models of engines such as he had seen near the mouth of the pit. When his work was over he would go for long rambles into the woods to see his friends the black-birds.

Some of these birds he brought home, and several of those caught young became quite tame. One flew about the cottage all day and roosted on the top of the mother's bed at night.

After a while George left the cows and began to follow the plough. He was scarcely tall enough to step across a furrow, but his wage was now fourpence a day, and the boy felt that he had taken a great step towards earning his own living.

A little later he became a picker at the colliery. His work was to clear the coal of stones and dirt. Then he was made driver of one of the horses in the pit-yard, and his wage was raised to sixpence a day.

But George wished to become an engineman. Before this could happen he would have to serve some time as a fireman. He therefore became his father's helper when he was fourteen years old, at a wage of a shilling a day.

He was small for his years, and much younger than most firemen. At times the owner of the colliery would come round to see how things were going on. Then George used to hide himself till the gentleman was gone. He was very much afraid of being turned away because of his youth.

The boy was as happy as a king when near the

engine. It seemed a thing alive—almost human. Before long he knew the name and use of every part of it.

A few years passed, and George became fireman at another colliery. His wage was now the same as his father's—twelve shillings a week. On the first Saturday after taking up his new work he said to his mates when he took his wages, "I am now a made man for life."

During all these years he could neither read nor write. But now he could afford to pay for a little schooling. He therefore went to a village night-school, and set to work to learn what boys of six or seven are now taught at school. He was nineteen before he could write his own name.

Yet he rose, step by step, to be one of the most famous men who have ever lived. He learnt all he could about engines, and at last made one which would run on rails and draw trucks after it.

He also laid the first railway in the world. It ran between the towns of Stockton and Darlington in the north of England. The first railway engines did not go very quickly, but before long better ones were made. Now they run at a great rate and draw very heavy loads. Whenever we see a railway train we should think of George Stephenson.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.—JOHN LUCAS.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

A Man who knew no Fear

Horatio Nelson was one of the greatest sailors the world has ever seen. He was born in a little village in Norfolk, and when he was very young he showed signs of the brave heart that was in him.

When he was quite a small boy he stayed for some time at his grandfather's farmhouse. There he made friends with the cow-boy, and would often go out with him.

One day he was out much longer than usual. Dinner-time came, but Horatio did not appear. The family were very much alarmed, for they feared that the gipsies had stolen the little boy. They searched in every place they could think of, and at last he was found by the side of a brook.

He was sitting on the bank wondering how he could get over the water. When he was brought to his grandmother she said, "I wonder, child, that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear, grandmamma!" said the boy, "I never saw fear. What is it?"

When Nelson grew older he was sent to sea, and his ship sailed for the far north, where the sea is covered with ice for many months in the year.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—J. M. W. TURNER.

One night the lad left the ship with a young friend. A fog was coming on, and they set out over the ice in chase of a white bear. Before long the officers of the ship missed the two boys, and the captain was very much alarmed.

Early next morning the fog cleared away, and the two boys were seen, some distance away, making an attack on a huge bear.

A signal was given for them to return to the ship. Nelson's friend told him that they must obey, but the boy was too eager to listen.

"Never mind," he said, "do but let me get a blow at this beast with the end of my musket and we shall have him." The captain, however, saw the great danger the boys were in, and a gun was fired, which made the bear run away.

The boys then went back to the ship, and were scolded for disobeying orders. The captain then asked Nelson what reason he had for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, "I wished to kill the bear that I might carry the skin to my father."

In after years Nelson was in many sea-fights, and he always showed that he did not know what fear was. He lost an arm and one of his eyes in fighting for his country, and at last he was made Lord Nelson and an admiral.

His last fight took place near Trafalgar Bay on the coast of Spain. In this great battle the British ships fought both the French and Spanish ships.

The war vessels of that time were built of wood and fitted with sails. They stood high in the water, and had lines of guns pointing out from their sides. The British ships at Trafalgar were thirty-one in number, while the enemy had forty. Nelson's ship was called the *Victory*.

Before the battle began Nelson gave to the sailors of his fleet the famous signal which ran, *England expects every man will do his duty*. It was greeted with loud cheers from every ship, and then the whole fleet moved forward to the fight.

The first guns were fired at noon on the 21st of October in the year 1805, and till darkness fell the battle raged with great fury. The victory fell to the British, but it was dearly bought, for during the fight Nelson was shot in the spine, and before the day was over the fearless admiral died of his wound.

He was standing on the deck of his ship when the shot struck his left shoulder. He fell upon his face, and was lifted tenderly and carried below. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he said



THE DEATH OF NELSON.—A. W. DEVIS.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

to one of his captains. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

Down in the cabin the doctor did all he could to save the life of the wounded admiral. But all his skill was of no use, for Nelson was dying. He lay quite still listening to the roar of the battle above and waiting for the end. At every cheer from his men the hero's eyes would brighten and a faint smile would flit across his face.

After a time Captain Hardy came to his chief and saw that he had only a few moments to live. "Kiss me, Hardy," said the dying man. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Not long afterwards he died, a hero to the last.

James Watt

We all know something about the power of steam. It drives our ships across the sea; it sends our railway engines along the iron road at a great speed; and it works the machines in our factories, where goods of all kinds are made.

Men did not always know how to make use of the power of steam. They made rough machines to help them in their work, but it was a long time before they found out how to make their machines go by steam. One of the men who found out this great secret was James Watt.

There were steam engines before his time, but they were of very little use. Watt set to work to make a steam engine which could be used in factories and do the work of many men. After much careful work he won success, and became one of the most famous men in our history.

Watt was born in Glasgow. As a boy he was very weak and could not join in the games of other children. His parents therefore gave him lessons at home. He was often ill and suffered very much from headache.

His mother taught him drawing, and in this he took great delight. He also loved to go into his father's carpenter's shop and use the men's tools. In time he learnt to be very quick with his hands. He would make neat little models of all kinds of things.

The carpenters were very kind to him and helped him in their spare moments. One day one of them said to a man near him, "Little Jamie has got a



JAMES WATT AND THE TEA-KETTLE. — MARCUS STONE, R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

fortune at his fingers' ends." He meant that the boy would be able to make a great deal of money with his clever hands.

James had an aunt who thought that the boy was very idle. One day when he was seated near the tea-table she said to him, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Take a book and do something useful. For the last hour you have sat there without speaking a word, holding a cup or a spoon in the steam of the tea-kettle and counting the drops of water as they fall."

It is quite likely that the boy was often idle, as boys and girls sometimes are. But it may be that his mind was busy with thoughts of the power of steam which he was afterwards to use in his steam engine.

When he was old enough to go to work he went to the shop of a man who made his living by making and mending spectacles, fishing-rods, and many other things.

Before long he left this shop and went up to London, where he became a maker of instruments of many kinds. After some years had gone by he set to work on a machine which could be driven by steam.

He worked for many years at this machine and

often thought that he was going to fail. But he would not give up. "My whole thoughts are bent on this machine," he wrote to a friend. "I can think of nothing else."

After much thinking and careful work Watt's steam engine was made, and proved a great success. People saw almost at once how useful it would be in the cotton and woollen factories. Large numbers were made in Birmingham, and were soon at work in all parts of the country.

The Iron Duke

This was the name given to the great Duke of Wellington. He was one of our most famous soldiers, and won many battles for his country. He lived at the same time as Nelson, and fought against the same foe, Napoleon, the Emperor of the French.

The French had marched into Spain and driven the king from his throne. Wellington was sent to help the people of Spain to drive out the French. He fought and won several battles, in which many men were killed, both on the side of the English and the French.

Once when the English had taken a Spanish town it was found that they had lost five thousand men. It is said that when their great leader heard of this he burst into tears; for though he was a stern soldier his heart was full of grief at the loss of life which war must always bring.

In time he drove the French out of Spain and back into their own country. When the great English general marched with his men into the chief town of Spain the people gave him hearty welcome. "They crowded round his horse, hung on his stirrups, and blessed him aloud as the friend of Spain."

Some years afterwards Wellington met Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and they fought one of the greatest fights in the history of the world.

Napoleon had said some time before that he was going to bring an army of Frenchmen into England and take London. People were very much afraid that he might be able to do this, but Nelson saved the country by beating the French at the great sea-fight where he lost his life.

Yet so long as Napoleon was not quite beaten he was a danger to England. Wellington saved us from this danger by beating him at Waterloo.

The battle took place on a summer Sunday in



WELLINGTON AT BADAJOS.—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.L.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

the year 1815. The fight went on from early in the day to five in the afternoon, while in England the church bells were ringing and people were resting from their work.

The British troops stood firmly together like the English at Hastings. Over and over again the French charged down upon them, but could not move them. Late in the day the British heard the sound of cannon in the distance. It was the Germans coming to their help. Before long they came in sight and were heartily cheered by the British.

Wellington now gave the word for his whole army to move forward. Loud cheers rang out from the British ranks as Wellington led the way across the field of battle. "No cheering, my lads," he cried, raising his hand, "forward and finish your work." On went the men, weary with the day's work, but full of courage and love for their leader. In a short time the French were swept from the field, and the fight was won.

Early the next morning a doctor entered the general's tent and found him in bed. He had taken off his clothes, but had not washed himself. As the doctor entered Wellington sat up in bed and held out his hand. The doctor took it, and

told him of the many brave men who had fallen in the battle.

Once again the great soldier felt how sad a thing war really is. Tears filled his eyes, ran down his dusty cheeks, and dropped upon the hand of the doctor, which he still clasped in his own. It was a great fight and a great victory. Many brave deeds were done, but many brave hearts were now still in death.

The people of England were, of course, very proud of the victory. When Wellington came to London they met him, took out the horses from his carriage, and dragged it through the streets to his home, cheering loudly all the way. And when, many years later, the general died, all felt as though they had lost a friend and protector.

The Girl Queen

Queen Victoria was a girl of eighteen when she came to the throne. She was queen for sixty-four years. No king or queen of England before her reigned for such a long time.

When she was a little girl of twelve her governess told her that she would one day be Queen of England. The little princess was not filled with

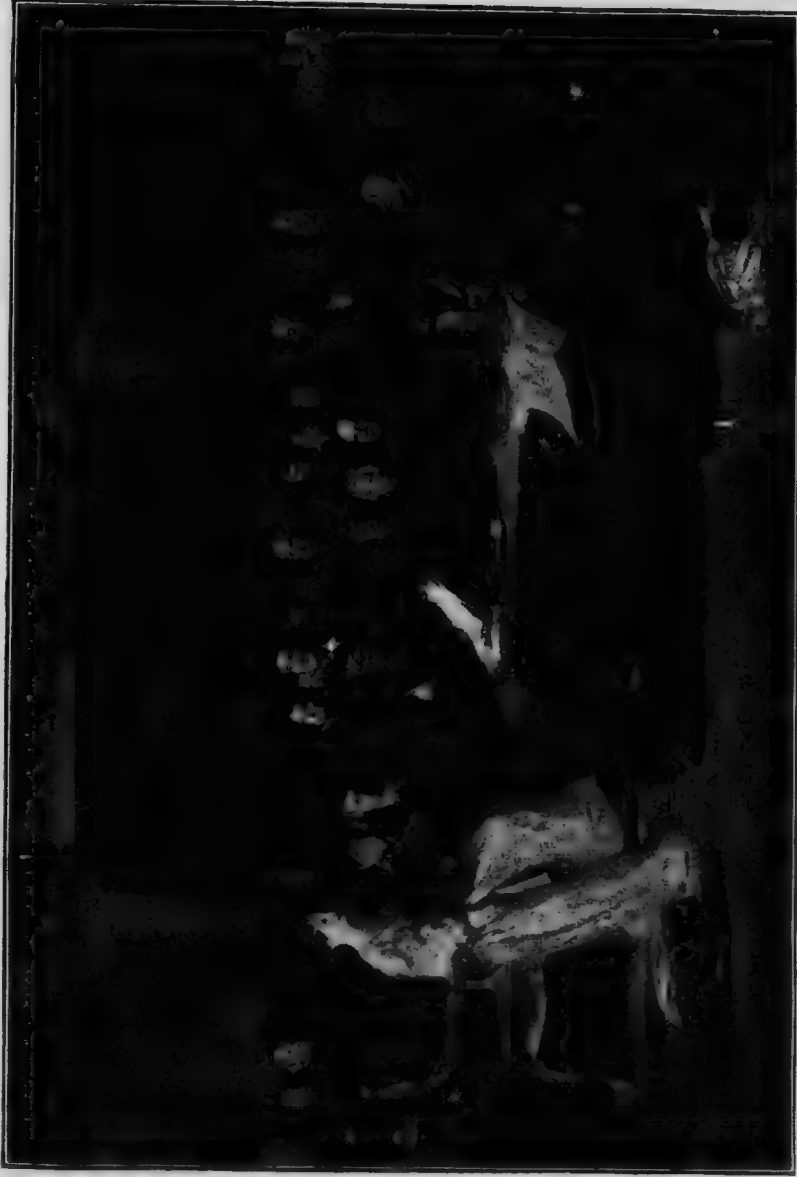
pride at the news. Nor did she show that she was pleased to hear it. She put her hand into that of her governess and said, "I will be good." This promise she kept so well in after years that people now speak of her as Victoria the Good.

Her uncle, King William the Fourth, died at Windsor Castle. As soon as he was dead two gentlemen set out for London to tell the Princess Victoria that she was now to be Queen of England. It was very early in the morning when they set out, and they rode on horseback, for there was no railway by which they could travel.

In about three hours they reached the palace where the Princess Victoria was living with her mother. They knocked, rang the bell, and thumped on the outer gate before they could rouse the porter, who at last came and let them in.

Then they were kept waiting in the palace yard for a long time. No one was moving about and they seemed to be forgotten. They rang the bell and told the servant who came that they wished to speak with the Princess Victoria on a very important matter.

Again the two gentlemen were kept waiting so long that they once more rang the bell to ask the cause. They were then told that the princess was



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL.—D. WILKIE, R.A.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

in such a sweet sleep that it would not be right to disturb her.

"We are come," said one of the gentlemen, "on business to see *the Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that."

The servant knew at once what had happened, and hurried away to tell her young mistress. In a few minutes the young queen came into the room. She wore a loose white nightgown and shawl. Her hair fell about her shoulders, her feet were in slippers, and her eyes were full of tears.

But she was quite calm and quiet. Each of the two gentlemen knelt in turn and kissed the small hand she held out to them, for she was now to be their queen and head of one of the greatest countries in the world.

A few hours later the young queen had to meet a number of the lords and high officers of her kingdom. This meeting was called a council, and on page 141 you have a picture of the First Council of Queen Victoria. Among the gentlemen present was the great Duke of Wellington, who can be seen standing near the table in front of a pillar. Two of the young queen's uncles, both of them old men, were also among the company.

The queen came in alone and bowed to the

gentlemen present. Then she took her seat and read to them a short speech from a paper which she had brought with her. When she had done this the gentlemen came forward one by one, knelt before her, and kissed her hand. Each of them promised to serve her faithfully as their queen.

After a year had passed Queen Victoria was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The great church was crowded with people in gay dresses, and when the queen came in every one stood up. She wore very beautiful robes and had with her a number of lords and ladies, who were also richly dressed. As she moved forward to her throne an anthem was sung, and then the organ played *God save the Queen*.

"Noble Six Hundred"

The picture on page 145 shows some of our soldiers fighting a battle in the Crimean war. The men are Guardsmen, as we can tell from their bearskin hats.

They stand firmly together fronting the enemy and holding their rifles in their hands. In the middle of the line is a Union Jack torn with shot and shell. The bearer of another flag has fallen to

the ground, but still holds the staff in his hand; one of his comrades is stooping over him.

To the right of the line of men is a young officer with his sword drawn in his hand. Another officer, wearing a hat with plumes and mounted on a horse, rides behind. The drummer-boy marches along beating his drum with both hands.

Far away we can see the bodies of Russian troops on the hillside and the smoke of their cannon. It is a terrible sight, but one that makes us proud of our brave men, who were not afraid of anything.

This fight was called the Battle of the Alma from the name of a little river not far away. The British troops drove the Russians from the hill and won the day after hard fighting.

Not long afterwards there was another great fight when a brave deed was done by some of our horse soldiers.

There were six hundred of them, and they were ordered to charge for the Russian guns. The order was a mistake and ought not to have been given. But the men did not think about that. They were used to doing as they were told without asking why. So they made ready to go. One of our great poets, Lord Tennyson, wrote a splendid poem about these brave men. He tells how it was—



THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

The men set their teeth and rode forward.
There were

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,

and as they rode the shot and shell fell among them like a deadly hail. One man after another fell from his horse, but the rest rode on without a stop. They reached the Russian guns, drew their swords, and fell upon the gunners.

In a short time they had killed most of them and made the guns useless. They then turned to ride back to their own lines. Once again they faced the fire and the iron hail. And so

They rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Out of the six hundred who set out on that great charge only about three hundred and fifty came back unhurt. The rest were killed or wounded.

Six hundred men had charged a whole army and
won for themselves undying fame.

When can their glory fade ?

O the wild charge they made !

All the world wonder'd.

Honour the charge they made !

Honour the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred !

The Lady with the Lamp

War is a very terrible thing as we know. But even war is not quite so bad as it used to be. For the wounded are now cared for in a way which was quite unknown many years ago.

When an army leaves our shores a number of doctors and nurses go with it. Their duty is to tend the wounded after a battle. They set up hospital tents, to which the poor men are brought by bearers. Then they do all they can to make them well again. This good work was begun many years ago by a lady named Miss Florence Nightingale. She was one of the greatest women of Queen Victoria's reign. Let us see what she did.

Our country was at war with Russia, as we

read in our last story. The fighting took place in the Crimea, a peninsula in the south of Russia where the winter is always much colder than in our own land.

In this Crimean War, as it was called, there were several fierce fights, and many brave deeds were done. There were also large numbers of men killed and wounded, while our troops suffered much from the cold.

Many of the wounded had to get better as best they might or die of their wounds. Their comrades did all they could to help them, but that was not much. There were no hospitals worth the name, and no women to nurse the sick.

An English gentleman, who was in the Crimea at the time, wrote a letter home telling how much some of the men had to suffer. This made people ask themselves whether help could not be sent. Women were needed to go out and nurse the men who had done so much for their country. Were there any brave enough to go?

Yes. There was one at least ready to face the fearful winter and the awful scenes of a soldier's hospital.

This was Miss Florence Nightingale. She knew all about nursing, and she was ready to go to the

seat of war if other ladies would join her in the noble work.

A large number offered to go. Miss Nightingale chose thirty-seven, and the party set out without loss of time. In less than a month they were hard at work in a hospital not far from the Crimea. A great battle had taken place, and hundreds of men were waiting for their help and care.

The poor soldiers did not know what to think about the change. They had seen many of their comrades die of their wounds without any one to look after them. But they were tenderly cared for in every way ; they had clean beds, good food, and everything was done to lessen their pain.

Miss Nightingale took charge of the hospital, and she never seemed to grow tired. Even in the silence of the night she watched over the sufferers. She would go quietly through the hospital with a little lamp in her hand and see that all was right. So the poet writes of her :—

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom.
And flit from room to room.

It is no wonder that the men loved her and

watched for her coming. "To see her pass is happiness," said a soldier in a letter home. "She would speak to one, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content."

At one time Miss Nightingale caught the fever, and for nearly three weeks she was very ill. As soon as she was able to rise from her bed she went back to her work. For two years she gave her whole time to the sick soldiers.

The lives of many brave men were saved by this noble lady and her nurses, and when the soldiers came home they did not forget to say so. They were full of praise for the kind and gentle ladies who had done so much for them. "If it had not been for the nurses," said many a man, "I should have died."

When Miss Nightingale came home after the war a large sum of money was raised to present to her. But she would not have it, as she had worked for love and not for gain. The money was therefore spent on a home where nurses could be taught how to do their work. This was called the Nightingale Home.

The Victoria Cross

After the Crimean War, Queen Victoria ordered a new medal to be made. It was to be called the Victoria Cross, and given to any soldier or sailor who had done some very brave deed before the enemy.

The first Victoria Crosses were made from the metal of guns taken from the Russians in the war. There is a picture of the cross on the next page. In the centre is a crown with a crowned lion above it. From arm to arm of the Cross hangs a scroll bearing the words, "For Valour."

The medal is much prized by our soldiers and sailors, for a man must be very brave to win it. He may then write the letters V.C. after his name.

The first Victoria Crosses were given to the men who had won them by the queen herself. She rode to Hyde Park on a white horse, wearing a scarlet coat and a hat with a plume of feathers.

The men were drawn up in a line, and were brought one by one before the queen. Then she stooped and pinned the medal upon each man's left breast.

Earl Roberts, one of our greatest generals, won

the Cross when he was a young officer serving with the troops in India.

It was in the time of the Indian Mutiny, when some of the Sepoys, or Indian soldiers, rose against



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

the British. One day Roberts saw two of these Sepoys running away with a British flag.

He at once rode after them as quickly as he could. With his sword in his right hand, he rushed at the man who carried the flag. Then he let the reins fall upon his horse's neck, caught hold of the flag with his left hand, and tore it from the

Sepoy's grasp. At the same time he struck at the man with his sword and felled him to the earth.

The other Sepoy, who carried a gun, now rushed forward. He placed the mouth of his gun close to



EARL ROBERTS (*Photo by Elliott and Fry*).

Roberts's body and pulled the trigger. The brave officer thought that his last moment had come. The gun missed fire. Roberts struck at the man with his sword, but he jumped quickly to one side and was able to get away unhurt.

On the same day Roberts rescued one of our men from a Sepoy who was going to stab him with his bayonet. For these two brave deeds he was given the Victoria Cross.

In the Boer War the son of Earl Roberts also won the much-prized medal. He went with a few other brave men to try and save some guns which were lying in an open place swept by the Boer fire. While doing so he was shot down, and soon afterwards died, so that he never knew he had won the Victoria Cross.

Victoria the Good

Queen Victoria was one of the best queens who ever lived. She had a very kind heart, and was always glad to do what she could for the good of her people.

She often gave sums of money to those who were very poor, and she would write kind letters to people who were sick or in trouble. One of her letters was written to Miss Nightingale during the Crimean War. In this letter she says:—"I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell the poor noble wounded and sick men that no one feels



QUEEN VICTORIA.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Ltd.)

more for their sufferings than their queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops."

Another of these letters was sent to some poor women who had lost their husbands in a dreadful accident at a coal-pit in the North. It told them how the heart of the good queen was sad at their great loss, and it helped them too to bear that loss with braver hearts.

Queen Victoria married Prince Albert, who was known as the Prince Consort. They had nine children, four sons and five daughters.

One day the queen was going for a sail with her little daughter, the Princess Royal. A kind sailor carried the little girl into the boat, and put her down, saying kindly, "There you are, my little lady."

The little girl was not pleased at this. "I am not a little lady," she said, "I am a princess." Her mother heard her, and said gently, "You must tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be some day."

Queen Victoria had many sorrows of her own, the greatest of which was the loss of her good husband. The Prince Consort died after twenty-one years of happy married life, and the whole nation wept with the widowed queen.

Even in her great sorrow the queen did not forget the sorrow of others. Not long after the death of the prince she went to her castle in Scotland. One of the women of the village near the castle had also lost her husband, and the queen went at once to try and comfort her.

She often paid visits to the poor people of this village, and brought many dainty things for the sick. One day she was walking along a road near her home when she met a boy driving some sheep.

The queen was quite plainly dressed, and the boy did not know who she was. "Get out of the way," he cried, and the lady stepped to one side to let the sheep pass.

The boy was afterwards told to whom he had spoken so roughly. "Was that the queen?" he said. "Then why does she not dress so that folks will know her?"

In one cottage the queen once found an old sick woman left quite alone. The rest of the family had gone out, the woman said, to see the queen, and had left her to herself.

The visitor talked kindly for some time to the poor woman, who did not know who she was. As she was leaving she said, "When your people come back, tell them that while they have been

to see the queen, the queen has been to see you."

Queen Victoria died at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. The hearts of her people were filled with sorrow when they heard of the death of their dear queen. She was buried beside her husband near Windsor Castle, and her eldest son became *King Edward the Seventh*.

BRITANNIA
HISTORY READER

PART II.

SHORT STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

SHORT STORIES
FROM
CANADIAN HISTORY.
PART II.

The Home of the "Braves"

RED men lived in America when the white men came to its shores.

They spent most of their time hunting and fishing. There were many tribes, each made up of a number of families, and each family called after an animal, a plant or a bird. Usually the red men lived in tents, covered with the bark of the birch tree, or with the skins of animals.

The Indians, as they were afterwards named, were often at war with one another. Every tribe had a chief, or head-man, who led in battle. To make their foes afraid, the "braves," as the fighting Indians were called, used to paint their faces and bodies with bright colours, and wore



INDIAN TEPES

many feathers in their hair. They used tomahawks, arrows, and spears in fighting, and were very cruel in times of war.

When the braves came home from battle, the Indian women and children would go out to meet them, singing wild songs of joy.

When a red man was killed in battle, one of the prisoners was given to the family of the dead warrior, and he had to fight for his new-found friends. This he was very glad to do, for he had been saved from torture and, perhaps, from death.

The lot of an Indian woman was a hard one. The heavy work had to be done by her. She made the clothes for winter from the skins of the animals killed by the hunters. She made moccasins and snow-shoes too, and often bows and arrows for her husband and sons. When it was time to move to another hunting field, the squaw took down the tent and carried it to the next camping ground.

The red men did not know how to write, but made rough drawings on wood and bark to show their meaning. Instead of money they

used strings of white and purple beads which were made from shells.

They trusted in a "Great Spirit" who, they thought, watched over them, and after death, would take them to the "happy hunting grounds." They also believed in a bad Spirit who would punish them if they did not please him.

Charms were worn around the neck to prevent evil coming upon them. They believed that there were spirits in the air, the woods, and the water, and they would talk to these as to real people.

The red men were fond of their squaws and children, and were kind to those of their tribe who were poor and in want.

We cannot tell from what country these red men came at first, for they have left no story of their race which we can understand.

Christopher Columbus

Nearly five hundred years ago, there was born in Genoa, in Italy, a little boy whose name is honoured by everyone in America. The boy was Christopher Columbus. His parents were not rich and could afford to send him to school for only a very short time.

He learned to read, to write, and to draw. He learned also something about the countries in Europe. No one then knew anything about our great continent, or of the red people who lived here. At school, Christopher learned to draw maps and soon became most anxious to be a sailor.

As his heart was set on going to sea, his father sent him away to study about the stars and the winds. In those days, sailors guided their boats by the stars and their ships were driven over the water by the wind on the sails.

At last Columbus went to sea, and before long was made captain of a ship. When not on his vessel, he still made maps and charts for other sailors to use.

A very daring thought came into his mind. It was to find a way to China by crossing the great sea near Italy, the country in which he lived.

He had no money to buy ships for such a journey, nor to get food for the sailors, so he asked his king to help him but was refused. Nor were the kings of other lands kinder to him. No one seemed willing to aid him in his plans.

After long years of waiting, King Ferdinand of Spain and his wife Queen Isabella gave Columbus three vessels and some money. The ships were very small and it is a great wonder that they came safely across the stormy ocean.

The sailors grew more and more afraid as the days went on, and often asked Columbus to return home. At last, they even talked of throwing their captain into the sea, and of going back to Spain themselves.

Just at this time, a branch with some berries on it, was seen floating on the water. Columbus knew by this sign that land could not be very far off.

Every one on those three little ships was now on the eager watch to be the first to see land.

When it came in sight, Columbus had a gun fired from the Pinta, which was his own vessel. It was just seventy days since he had left home.

It was not China that he found, but a New World, of which white people had never yet known.

When Columbus went on shore, he knelt to offer thanks to God for his safe voyage, and then claimed the new land for the king of Spain by setting up the Spanish flag.

As Columbus thought he had really come to India, he called the wild natives Indians. At first the red men were very much afraid of the white visitors but ere long they made friends with the sailors, and went so far as to stroke the face and hands of Columbus.

Amerigo Vespucci, an explorer who came a short time after Columbus, was not nearly so famous a man, but had the honour of having the continent named after him.

No accounts of the discoveries of Columbus were written but the reports of Vespucci interested so many people that the new world was soon called America.

The King and Queen of Spain were very proud of the brave sailor they had helped, and gave him great praise and presents of monêy on his return to their country.

While away on his second voyage to the New World, jealous Spaniards spread falsehoods about the great explorer. These evil tales at last reached the ears of King Ferdinand and when Columbus landed on the island of Cuba, on his third voyage, he was arrested and sent back to Spain laden with chains. However, it was not long before he was set free and went to see good Queen Isabella who wept when she knew how badly he had been treated.

It is sad to think that a man who had won such great fame as Columbus should have been left, in his old age, to die in poverty.

The Cabots

On a hill outside the city of Bristol, in England, stands a very fine stone tower. This was built in memory of a great sailor who lived there many, many years ago. His name was John Cabot.

He was born in Venice but, while quite a young man, came with his family to live in England and made his home in Bristol which, even then, was a busy seaport town.

In his spare time, he was always thinking about the sea and planning to take a long voyage some day to find what lands lay on the other side of it. When he heard of the wonderful discoveries Columbus had made he was all the more eager



CABOT TOWER.

to set out on his travels. His friends in Bristol had faith in him and agreed to help him.

The first thing to do was to ask the king for leave to go in search of unknown lands. King Henry VII. said he might do so under the English flag. If he found any new land he was to claim it in the king's name and set up the royal banner.

His friends made ready for Cabot and his son a ship which bore the name *The Matthew*. There were eighteen in the crew and, when all was ready, they sailed away one fine day in the merry month of May.

Think of it! Less than twenty men in a small sailing ship, starting to cross the broad ocean! Do you not think they were very brave? But it was a strong ship and the sailors did their work well. *The Matthew* braved the winds and the waves of the Atlantic and in a little over seven weeks reached the mainland of the North American continent, somewhere near Cape Breton.

Cabot went ashore and planted the flag, as the king had told him, thus claiming the land for the King of England.

He was now anxious to go back to tell King Henry, that what he had hoped for, had come true and that there was more land than he had dared to expect.

So he sailed for home, having been away only three months. Everyone was glad to see him and to hear his story.

Next year, he and his son Sebastian made another voyage. This time they had three more ships for company, and visited some new parts of the country, going farther north. It was so cold that many of the sailors died. They turned south, sailed as far as Florida and then returned home.

Even to-day, the people of Bristol speak proudly of Cabot, and point out the very spot from which he set sail.

Canada's Real Discoverer

The town of St. Malo stands on the north shore of France. Have you ever heard of this place? It has a high wall around it and cannon close by to guard it. Outside the wall is a fine harbour with ships riding at anchor. This town is the birthplace of Jacques Cartier.

As a little lad, he loved to go to the shore and pass the sunny hours, watching the ships and sailing his own toy boat in the pools near by. Then he would dream of what he would do when he became captain of a big ship, and could sail where he wished, for he meant to be a famous sailor.

When he was forty years old, King Francis asked him to take charge of some ships and sail across the sea in search of new land for France. On reaching Newfoundland, his sailors were only too glad to find a passage through the straits of Belle Isle into warmer waters, as the fogs, ice, and cold winds of the Atlantic had made them wish they had never left the sunny land of France.

From the shore, Indians hidden behind trees and bushes, had been watching the ships. The

red men soon paddled out in their canoes to see the wonderful strangers in "boats with wings." Cartier had to fire off his cannon to scare the Indians away, and to leave a free passage for his sailors to reach the shore. Later, gifts of beads, knives and hatchets were given the natives who were as delighted with them as children with new toys.

The Indians watched Cartier plant a large wooden cross, bearing the words, "Long live the King of France." Had they thought that he was taking away their land, and giving it to his own country, Cartier and his crew would soon have been driven away.

On his return to France, he took a couple of the Indians with him to show his people that he had really found new land.

Next year, better ships and more men were given him, and again he set sail for "Kanata," the name by which the red men called their village, but which Cartier called "Canada." Guided by the Indians he reached what is now the great rock city of Quebec.

The chief and his braves in war paint and feathers, came out to meet the French captain

and to find if he had come in peace or in war. They were armed with bows and arrows and tomahawks. When the Indians who had been taken to France were seen, great was the joy of their friends. The wonderful story of their visit had to be told over and over again.

The Indian women brought fish and fruit in their canoes and the sailors gladly gave them presents for these.

The chief was kind to Cartier, and took him to see his village, and even into his own wigwam. He told of a much larger place farther up the river, but when Cartier wished to go there, the chief tried to prevent him, by sending Indians dressed as bad spirits to frighten him.

Cartier only laughed at these and went on his way with some of his men and boats, reaching a small town at the foot of a mountain, to which he gave the name Mont Royal. To-day, the splendid city, which has grown on the same spot, bears the name Montreal.

Here the Indians crowded around the pale faces singing and dancing in glee. They called Cartier "Great Spirit" and brought out their

sick asking him to cure them. Cartier offered prayers for their return to health.

On coming back to Quebec, it was found that the river was frozen over, and the French had to spend the long cold winter in Canada.

In spring, much against their will, Cartier took the chief and a number of the Indians back with him to France that they might tell the people of his own land all about this fine new country.

They fretted for their wild free life, and many of them died before Cartier was ready to return to Canada.

Canadian boys and girls are glad that Cartier was able to open up our beautiful land.

"An Ideal Explorer"

For quite a long time after Jacques Cartier went home, France forgot all about her new land across the ocean. At last, however, the French king sent out Samuel de Champlain, one of the very best men that ever came to New France, as the country was now called. He was kind, good, fearless and full of energy.

The king had asked him to explore New France and to make a map of it. So Champlain often went on long trips, up and down great rivers and across wide lakes. Indeed he travelled almost to the centre of this large continent. There is one beautiful lake, found by him, which still bears his name.

He would paddle, for weeks at a time, with friendly Indians, in their birch bark canoes. Sometimes the rivers had noisy waterfalls or fierce rapids which barred the way. Then the canoes and supplies had to be carried over the land, on the backs of the travellers, until the danger spot was passed.

Beside the work of exploring, the king had sent Champlain to found a colony in the New World.

Merchants, who wanted to trade in furs, came to live in New France, for there were many animals in the forests whose skins were worth much money in the home-land. Champlain often had to punish traders who tried to cheat the poor Indians when buying their furs. Some of the traders he settled at the foot of Mont Royal, while others lived near his own house at Quebec.

Champlain had tried to find the villages Cartier had visited, but they were nowhere to be seen.

A new fort was begun where the great St. Lawrence river was not very wide, and was called by the Indians Kebec, meaning narrow place. Champlain loved flowers, and in the little garden by the fort, roses bloomed every summer.

In the woods not far away, lived two tribes of Indians—the Algonquins and the Hurons—who were friendly to Champlain. He often went in and out of their wigwams, for they had grown to trust him like one of themselves.

They thought nothing could harm him and spoke of him as the "man with the iron breast." They begged him to help them fight against their foes—the Iroquois—who were a strong, cruel tribe, and Champlain agreed to aid them. The fierce Iroquois were much frightened by Champlain's gun, and hated the French people ever afterward. Whenever a chance arose, they would be very cruel to these white men.

The settlers at the trading-posts had always to be on the watch, for fear these savage folk

should come to surprise and kill, or torture them.

On one of Champlain's trips through the country with his red friends, they found some Iroquois gathering grain outside one of their own forts. At once a battle began, and Champlain was struck on the knee by an arrow. As he was quite unable to walk, he was doubled up, strapped in a rude basket, and carried on the back of a strong Indian for several days.

It was after this that the Indians broke faith with him, and would not guide him back to Quebec. He was forced to spend the winter with them. A kind chief shared his home with Champlain. Once, out in the forest, he lost his way and wandered about for three days. When he found his way back there was great joy in the camp. The Indians had been hunting everywhere for him. After this he was not allowed to roam the woods alone.

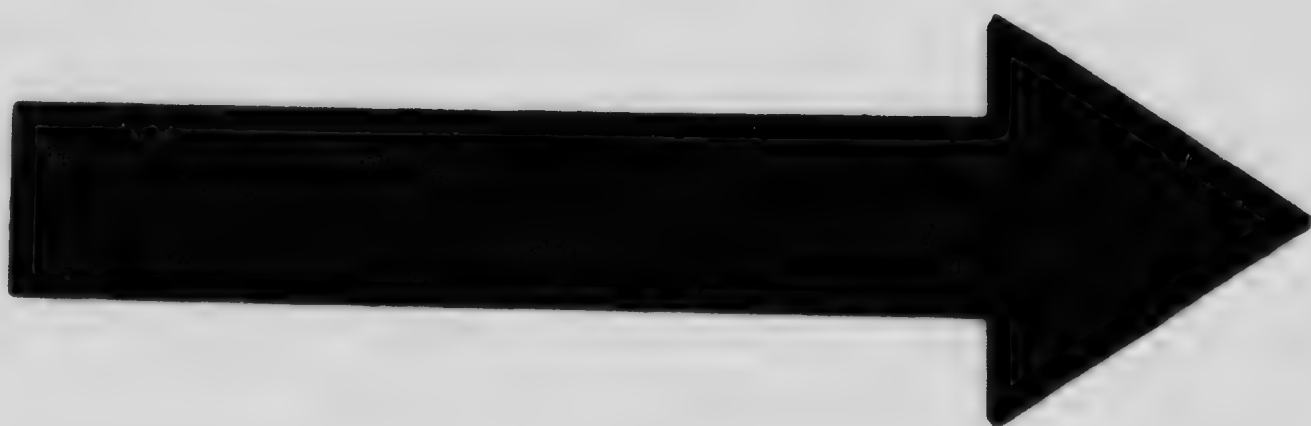
The men of the forest looked in wonder and surprise on Champlain's young wife Helen, who spent four years with him in Quebec. Her father held a high position at the French court,

and it is small wonder that the bride, coming from a home of comfort and pleasure, should be unhappy and ill in her rude home amongst such wild people.

Much of her time while in Canada was spent in trying to teach the Indians to live good lives. The small mirror, which hung by her side with her keys and scissors, was a source of great delight to them. They never wearied of seeing their painted faces reflected in the glass, and would promise the beautiful white woman from across the sea to do as she had taught them. Her name still lives in St. Helen's Island in the St. Lawrence River, just opposite Montreal.

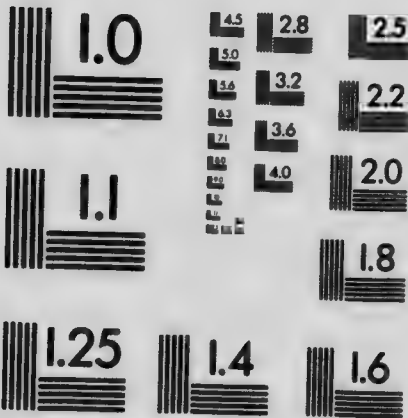
The savage way in which prisoners were treated by the red men, made Champlain very sad, and he often begged them not to be so cruel. But they seldom would listen to his pleadings, even though they liked him well.

Champlain was a good man and wished to serve God even before the king. He worked hard to teach the natives to worship God, saying "that to save a soul was more than to found an empire."



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

On returning to Canada, after spending a winter in France, he brought back four missionaries to the little colony. They were kind and brave, and in time won the love of the poor red men.

It is not quite three hundred years since Champlain ended his days in the little home in the fort at Quebec.

Missionaries and Nurses

PART I.

The sailor and the soldier were not the only men of courage who made their way to the great lone land of Canada. Brave men arrived from France who carried neither chart nor gun, but bore a message to the dark minds of the wild red men.

Of all who came, none were more fearless, more devoted, or endured greater hardships and trials than the noble missionaries. No thought of gaining riches, or of owning houses and lands prompted the coming of these grand men, but it was the desire to win souls for Christ and to build a church in His name.

That he might learn to speak the Indian language, the missionary often left his own friends, to live in the bark huts of the savages. The cabins were crowded, often smoky and always dirty. Unless in good hunting season, the only food was smoked fish and boiled corn, which was cooked by the squaws in dishes not often clean.

When first the missionary came among the Indians he was nicknamed "black robes," because they disliked him. Often they were unkind to him, hoping to drive him away by this means. Sometimes wrong words were taught him, that they might make game of him when he did not use the right ones.

Patiently he toiled among them, long weary months, even years, hoping to do them good. When sickness visited the camp, the missionary was generally blamed as its cause and made to suffer for it. But no mean or cruel act turned him from the high purpose of trying to make the red men better people.

When they knew the missionary better the Indians would ask, "Do they hunt, and fish, and make war in Heaven"? The good man

would answer "No." "Well," the Indians would say, "Heaven is a good place for you to go to, but not for us. White men's ways are different from those of the red men."

Every spring, vessels coming from France brought more missionaries and now two or three together would set out to form a mission in some far away camp.

The noble spirit of these men was shown in the care taken of the images, pictures and robes for church use. On long trips, these were carried carefully, when even food would be left behind.

The mission home had three rooms, one a store-room, another a living room, and third and largest, a chapel for prayer. The doors of these rooms were a source of great wonder to the Indians, who liked to swing them backward and forward. The savages were sure the little clock could talk, and would often ask what it said. The missionaries found it hard to find a quiet time to study, for the red men would stay all day at the mission house. At last when the clock struck four, they were told it said "Go home," and they obeyed.

One of the good men had always to be left in charge of the mission house, for the Indians would help themselves to anything that pleased their fancy.

One of the best known missionaries in the new world, was Paul le Jeune. While his boat lay at anchor in the St. Lawrence, a number of painted savages came on board. The sight of them was enough to strike fear into the stoutest heart. All had paint of different colours smeared over their faces and bodies. One even had a blue nose, and a broad black band across his forehead, the rest of his face being bright red. Some had bear-skins thrown around their bodies, others had no covering at all.

Do you not think Le Jeune would have wished himself back in beautiful France? Not so. He only thought of how he might teach the poor red men better ways of living.

He loo' ' around for some one from whom he could learn the language of the Algonquins, for that was the tribe to which he had been sent. At last he heard of an Indian, Pierre by name, who, some years before, had been taken to France and while there had learned to speak French.

He had come back to Canada, but was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow spoiled by the good times he had across the sea.

One day he came to the mission lodge to beg for food. Le Jeune took Pierre into the house and gave him plenty to eat, promising him a home there, if he would teach the language of his tribe to the Frenchman.

So Pierre became the teacher and Le Jeune the pupil. Sitting day by day on a wooden stool, in a close room, saying the same words over and over, did not altogether please Pierre. Often he would try to steal away to the woods to join his wild friends, but when Le Jeune saw this restless feeling coming on, he would give Pierre a small piece of tobacco. This would be put in his pipe, and as the smoke curled up, he would smile and rest content in the cabin.

Winter coming on, Le Jeune found he must learn to use snow-shoes. It was great fun for the Indians to watch his clumsy efforts to walk. Many were the falls he had in the deep snow, his feet so tangled in the shoes that some one had to go to his help. By and by, he became as clever in walking with them as the Indians

themselves. How quickly he could now go over the frozen snow to visit a sick squaw in a distant camp!

Spring time was very welcome to Le Jeune. Bands of Indians were often to be seen coming over the trails. Sometimes they would camp near the mission. Finding there were many children with them, the missionary planned to have a school.

In his store-room was a bell which was hung on a near-by tree. As the sweet notes rang out, the children came running along to see what was making the pretty sounds. A bell was quite a new thing to them. Le Jeune led the little ones in, and taught them to sing hymns to the tunes of their own Indian songs, and talked to them about God. A small gift was put into the hand of each child when leaving the school. They promised to come whenever the bell was rung.

Quickly they ran to show to their people what had been given them and to sing the little hymns. Each day found them listening for the sound of the bell. They could not tell how soon their camp would move farther down the trail, where they would hear neither its sweet tones nor the

kind words of the good man. Children had but little pleasure in the long ago.

While the Algonquin tribes were so well looked after by Le Jeune, the Hurons were not left without good men. In July the Hurons came down to Quebec in canoes to trade in furs, and stayed about a week. Then, their work being done, they slipped away to their far distant homes on the shores of Lake Huron. With them on their journey home Champlain sent three missionaries who were manly, strong and fearless as lions. Large presents were given to pay for the trip in the canoes.

The Hurons did not want the missionaries and gave them the hardest work on the journey. Toiling at the paddles made their backs ache, and when the rapids were reached, they were forced to carry heavy loads through dense forests. Their feet were cut by the sharp rocks, while the flies and mosquitoes made life a misery. So worn out and weary were they, that it was with very thankful hearts they reached their new home.

After a while the Indians became more friendly, even helping to build the mission house.

No chance of doing good was lost by the missionaries, but the men of the forest seemed dull and stubborn, forgetting very soon any kindness shown to them.

The people of France prized very highly the letters in which the good men told of their lives in this strange land, and studied with interest their maps of the new country.

There was peace for some years between the Hurons and their great enemies, the Iroquois.

At last, however, trouble broke out between them. One by one the Huron villages were burned and the people killed. Many of the missionaries suffered torture at the hands of the Iroquois. One of them, whose name was Brébeuf, was so full of courage that not the greatest cruelty could wring even one groan from his closed lips. His fierce foes looked on in wonder.

But after all their trials and labour for others, very little now remains to show how these good men suffered and toiled in Canada's early days.

PART II.

France, as we have been reading, had many brave sons but she did not lack daughters with

courage. Before women-helpers were wanted in the colony, there were high-born ladies ready and willing to spend their lives and fortunes in that wild country caring for the sick, and teaching the young.

The missionary, Le Jeune, used to write long letters home to France, telling what was happening in Canada, and in one of these he said how he longed to have some women to assist him.

This letter after being read by many people until almost worn out, came into the hands of a wealthy widow, the Duchess d'Aiguillon. Her uncle, Cardinal Richelieu, being next in power to the king, took much interest in Canada. For thirty-five years this noble lady gave freely of her own money, and of her uncle's to which she fell heir, for the support of the first hospital in New France.

And so it happened that the Governor who followed Champlain, the missionary Le Jeune, and all the settlers in Quebec, went down to the landing place one fine August morning to meet a little band of seven brave women who had put the great wide ocean between them-

selves and their homes that they might tend the sick and instruct the young in New France.

It was no easy nor pleasant task they had undertaken. There was hardly a good roof to cover them and not a building for their work. They were unused to snow in France and here the ground was covered with it for months in the year. The bitter cold, too, was something new, and it was not always possible to find good food. Above all they might at any time meet with the cruelty of the red man.

At once they set to work. Three of them began the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, where the sick and wounded, red and white men alike, found such care and comfort as these nurses could give. The other four grand women started schools for the little Indian and French girls, teaching them to read, to write, and to sew.

There was much rough dirty work to be done in the hospital, and before long the nurses found they must change the colour of their dainty white dresses. So a dye from the bark of the walnut tree was made and soon the nurses moved around the hospital and in the smoky, dirty wigwams in mud-coloured uniforms.

Strange to say, though the missionaries so often received harsh, unkind treatment from the Indians, the nurses were seldom roughly used by them.

Farther up the St. Lawrence on the island of Montreal a new colony was growing up. A hospital and a school were needed, and again there was a call for women-workers.

Another rich widow, who wished to keep her name secret, supported the hospital here and a brave little woman, Jeanne Mance, began it all alone. She, too, had read one of Le Jeune's letters and was eager to spend her life as a nurse in Canada.

Cruel sights often met her eyes, and pitiful shrieks pierced her ears, for the Iroquois made many attacks on the little colony and poor settlers were often tortured just outside the walls of the fort.

The teacher, who opened the first school for girls in Montreal, shared with Jeanne the joys and sorrows of those early days.

Brave, too, were the nurses who from time to time came from France to help Jeanne in her work. Great comforts did not fall to their lot.

In winter, drifts of snow had to be shovelled out of their rooms and their bread had to be thawed before it could be eaten.

Among many gifts sent by this unknown lady to the hospital were cows and sheep, that there might be milk and wool for the use of the patients.

To-day, in Montreal, the Hotel Dieu that Jeanne Mance started, stands on the same spot, showing how well her work was done.

An Ideal Governor

As Canada was owned by France, the French king had the right to send out governors to the colony. His choice once fell on a soldier, Count Frontenac.

He was a fine looking man, with a charming manner when he wished to please; at other times he would be proud and stern, wanting his own way in everything. So he made both friends and foes. He was not a rich man and was glad to make money from the sale of furs.

The Indians on their hunting trips gathered large numbers of skins. These they brought

down the river, to sell to the white men. Not knowing the real worth of the furs, the red men sold them at a very low price. Frontenac and his officers then sent these skins to France, selling them there for a great sum.

Away to the south-east of Canada lived the English in their little towns and villages. The Iroquois made friends with them but gave much trouble to the French.

Frontenac set to work to find a way to make these Indians obey him. Into their meetings he would go and speak, calling them children—a name which pleased them well. If they did not do as he wished, he would scold them as if he were really their father. He kept them in fear of him by never breaking his word. If he promised punishment for some fault, it was always given. He showed the kindly side of his nature by sometimes giving presents as rewards for good deeds.

He liked to go among the friendly Indians, spending much of his time in their wigwams, talking to them and watching their work and play.

Knowing the red men's love of show, he and his officers would dress in their finest uniforms and parade before them. Once he took part in a war-dance and did so well that he won the praise of the old Indians and the good-will of the whole camp. In after days, he was able to gather these red friends around him in his wars with the Iroquois.

He did not always agree with those whose duty it was to help him rule. He wished them to fall in with his plans at all times, even if theirs were better. Many quarrels took place as a result. The king had been told of these troubles and at last, tired of complaints, called Frontenac home. The Indians were sorry to have him leave, for in the ten years he had been in Canada, they had learned to respect and to trust him.

The new Governor could not manage the Indians at all and things went from bad to worse. At last, he did an act which they never forgave. He seized a number of friendly Iroquois and sent them in chains to France to row in the king's boats.

Later on a terrible revenge was taken. Stealing through the woods to the little village of La

Chine, one dark night in August, the Iroquois killed about two hundred men, women and children and took many prisoners.

The king, hearing of these cruel doings in New France sent Frontenac back to Canada. Knowing what would please and quiet the Indians best, he brought with him those of their number who were still alive.

War was going on between France and England. Frontenac being a true soldier, loved its sound and thought it a good time to drive the English out of their villages. He made war on three of these small towns, killing many persons. This made the English very angry, and in return some of their warships, under the command of Sir William Phips, sailed up to Quebec hoping to surprise the fort and take it from the French.

Frontenac was warned of their coming by a friendly red man and made ready to receive them. The gallant old general—for he was now over seventy years old—made the fort as strong as possible. His soldiers took fresh courage on seeing their leader so calm and fearless in the midst of danger.

When the English ships came to anchor, a small boat was seen to leave the admiral's ship bearing a white flag called the flag of truce. In the boat was an officer who had a letter for Frontenac. On landing, the sailor was blindfolded and led up the rocky sides of the hill to the fort, by two soldiers, one on each side of him, who pushed him this way and that, and dragged him over the rocks. The rest of the soldiers jeered and hit their guns against the rocks to make him think that the fort was well guarded.

On reaching the hill-top the bandage was taken from his eyes and the Englishman was surprised to find the governor and the French officers in their gay uniforms waiting to receive him. He read the admiral's letter and asked to be given in an hour's time an answer telling that Quebec would be given up to Sir William Phips.

Frontenac was very angry and said "No answer shall be given you, except from the mouth of my cannon. Tell your admiral to do his best for I intend to do mine." In the battle which followed, the English flag was swept into

the river by a shot from the fort. A Frenchman swam out and seized it, bringing it to shore amid a storm of bullets.

The English fleet tried day by day to take the fort, but in vain, shot after shot seeming to fall harmless against the rocks. At last the vessels were forced to weigh anchor and sailed down the river much the worse from the shot of Frontenac's cannon.

The French were wild with delight over their victory. With loud cries of joy, they went up and down the narrow streets of Quebec, holding the English banner aloft, so that all might see it.

Frontenac, the brave old governor, was looked upon as a hero. Everyone felt that the honour of New France was safe in his hands. He soon turned on the Iroquois to punish them for helping the English. Hearing that he was coming the red men fled from their camps. Think how great was their fear of him when his very name made them tremble!

The people of New France were sorry when Frontenac died at his home on the cliffs near Quebec. His faults were forgotten, but his courage and kindness of heart lived long in their

memories. Often they spoke of him as the "Father of his people." Was it not good to be remembered so?

Presence of Mind

When Madeleine de Verchères was a young girl living with her parents at Castle Dangerous, on the River St. Lawrence, not far from Montreal, she must have had an exciting time. You will think so when you hear of some things that happened to her when she was only fourteen years old.

Their house stood on a large piece of land, and for safety a fort was built close by. The Indians had to pass it on their way to Montreal and often gave much trouble to those in the fort. This was the reason their home bore such a strange name.

For awhile everything had been peaceful.

Madeleine's father, being a soldier, was on duty at Quebec and her mother was visiting in Montreal, leaving the young girl in care of the home.

A friend had been invited to stay with her and so help to pass the time.

Madeleine had gone down to the river one beautiful morning in October, to see if her friend's canoe was in sight. Suddenly she heard firing near where the settlers were at work. Then a voice cried "Run, run, the Iroquois!"

She turned quickly and saw about fifty Indians running towards her. Back to the fort Madeleine raced with bullets whistling about her ears. As she ran she kept shouting "To arms! To arms!" This was to let those inside the fort know of their danger and also of her need of help.

She managed to reach the fort, and have the gates barred, not a minute too soon.

At the sound of the guns the two soldiers who were in charge of the fort had hidden themselves, so great was their terror of the Indians. When Madeleine found them they were in the block-house, where the gunpowder was kept and one of them had a lighted match in his hand. He was about to set fire to the powder, choosing rather to be blown up than to be tortured by the savages.

The young girl knocked the match out of the soldier's hand and stamped upon it, ordering

the men back to the fort. She then called her two little brothers aged ten and twelve and told them they must be brave and help her. "Let us fight to the death," she said, "remember we are the children of a soldier."

It was no new thing for these children to handle guns, for most boys and girls of that time knew how to shoot. To each of them she gave a musket, picking up one for herself. Together this small band began firing on the enemy. They were also able to set off one of the cannon. This made the red warriors think that there must be a great number of soldiers in the fort. Had the Indians known that there were only two soldiers, three children, a servant, one old man and some women within the walls, it would not have taken them long to force their way in.

Meanwhile Madeleine was watching the river for her friend's canoe. At last it came in sight and this fearless girl, having failed to persuade the soldiers to go to the landing place, went herself and by a clever trick brought her friend safely into the fort.

All through the long night the savages could be heard prowling around outside. Madeleine

kept the old man and her two brothers with her in the fort, having sent the others to the block-house, saying "God has saved us this day and I am not afraid, but we must take care not to fall into the enemies' hands to-night. Should I be taken, never give in even if I am burned before your eyes. If you resist they cannot capture the block-house."

A fierce storm of wind, hail and snow came on. The little band were afraid the Indians would climb into the fort under cover of darkness. All through the night those in the fort kept calling to the others in the block-house, "All's well!" and the Indians hearing the cry repeated had not courage to attack them.

When daylight came, all within the fort were thankful and hoped that relief would soon come. Night came once more, and Madeleine made her rounds from fort to block-house and back again, keeping close watch all the time.

For a week the Indians hung about. Then an officer with a company of forty soldiers came to the rescue of Castle Dangerous.

Madeleine, during all this hard week, did not have one good night's rest. She was overjoyed

when she saw the soldiers, running quickly to open the gates to welcome them.

"I have come to help you," said the officer. Madeleine replied as she saluted him, "Sir, I surrender my arms to you." "They are in good hands, Mademoiselle," answered the officer. On looking about him he was more than surprised to find in what good order everything was.

When the Iroquois saw the soldiers, they stole quickly away. How angry they must have been, on learning how small a number had kept fifty of them at bay for a week. The French were proud of Madeleine de Verchères and the officer who came to her help, wrote to the Governor of Montreal about her courage. Very grateful were her father and mother on reaching home to find their family safe.

Madeleine lived to be quite an old lady. Lately, a bronze statue of Madeleine has been set up in Montreal to recall the presence of mind of the young French girl.

Times of Joy and Sorrow in Acadia

PART I.

Merchants in the seaport towns of the Old World had heard wonderful tales from America of great wealth to be made from the sale of furs. It was not long before a number of men, living in France, formed a company to secure the fur trade for themselves.

Sieur de Monts, the head of the company, was a gentleman of the French Court. He asked the king if he might plant a colony in Acadia. This was the name given to a large tract of land now known as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the State of Maine. He promised to make Christians of the natives. The land was granted to De Monts by a charter and he was made chief ruler.

Two ships left France for Acadia, one with supplies, the other with people who hoped to make homes there. What a mixed crowd there were on board, rich and poor, good and bad. Among the latter were some just out of prison.

Many bays and rivers were visited in search of a warm climate for the settlers. The choice fell on a little island, covered with cedars, which they called "St. Croix." It was a safe place; no foes could steal upon the little colony unseen.

The island was rocky and at low tide the purple sea-weed was seen washing back and forth. The Frenchmen liked to come to the shore to eat the limpets that clung to the dark-coloured rocks. As the soil was very sandy, no gardens could be made as De Monts had hoped.

From the cedars the houses were built. By De Mont's orders a belt of the trees was left around the island to serve as a shelter in stormy weather. Everyone worked with right good will, to have the buildings ready for winter—the axes and hammers swinging merrily. A small rustic chapel was set up, and a plot of ground fenced for a burial place.

Winter, with its keen cold wind, soon had the island in its icy grip. It was not easy to go to the mainland for fuel or water, owing to the drifting blocks of ice. Sickness visited the dwellings and of the little comp . . . nost

half were buried. Many more would have given up hope, but for the bright cheery spirit of Champlain, who was one of the little band.

With the coming of spring the sky was eagerly scanned for a sail as the supplies were low, but it was not until the middle of June that a boat was sighted. How happy all in the colony were when it proved to be one of the ships of their own company.

Everyone was sure that St. Croix was no place to winter in. De Monts remembered that they had sailed by a fine harbour which they knew as Port Royal. This place was fixed upon as their next abode. Everything that could be moved, even parts of the buildings, were put on the boats and taken to Port Royal.

During De Monts' absence from France, jealous men went to court, to complain that he had not made Christians of the Indians nor was there much profit from the fur trade. This news sent the chief ruler home.

Meantime the little colony found their new home better in every way. Little gardens were started and tended with care. Fields of wheat, rye and barley promised a good harvest. Boats

had arrived with more people and supplies. And now there was plenty of good food.

Fifteen of the chief men founded the "Order of Good Times." Each man or knight, in turn, was Grand Master for the day, providing food and fun for the company. The dinner was served at noon, the Grand Master entering the dining-room with great pomp, followed by his fifteen knights, each bearing a dish. The Indian chiefs were invited to sit at the table while the squaws and children crowded into the corners of the room, glad of a little bread or biscuit. Merry humour and good food made the time soon pass.

Sad tidings came at last, that De Monts' charter had been taken away and now, no longer, could the colony be kept up. So men and stores were taken back to France. Thus ended for three years the attempt to settle this part of the new continent.

PART II.

Many years had passed since the founding of Acadia by the French. Now it had come into the hands of the British, and the flag of Britain

waved over its forts. But the people were French and wished for French rule. They did not like the English, and hoped that Acadia would soon be re-taken by their friends.

Men from Quebec urged them not to obey the British. A missionary, Le Leutre by name, gave them no peace, saying that if they were loyal to Britain he would send his Indians to kill them. He tried to persuade them to leave Acadia for French islands along the coast.

But the Acadians did not wish to leave their good farms. Had they been left alone all might have been well. Constant meddling made them restless and stubborn. They would not provide the British soldiers with food except at a very high price.

Being a people of simple habits they knew nothing of books and could not even write their names, making marks instead of words. Away from the rest of the world, they trusted people who wished to ruin the colony.

The Governor was very patient when the Acadians refused to take the oath to obey the English king, though he said they would have to

leave the country, in a year's time, unless they did so. The year passed and as no steps to send them away were taken, it was thought that the governor did not mean to carry out his threat. So work went on as if they were always to remain on their farms

For fear of trouble arising there in time of war, it was afterwards thought wise to have a people friendly to Great Britain living in Acadia. As the people still refused to take the oath, a body of soldiers was landed on its shores.

A summons was sent through each village, ordering every man and boy from ten years of age to go to the church on Friday, at three o'clock, without fail, to hear the words of the Governor. The churches were crowded. Amid a deep silence and as kindly as possible the Governor's message was told to them.

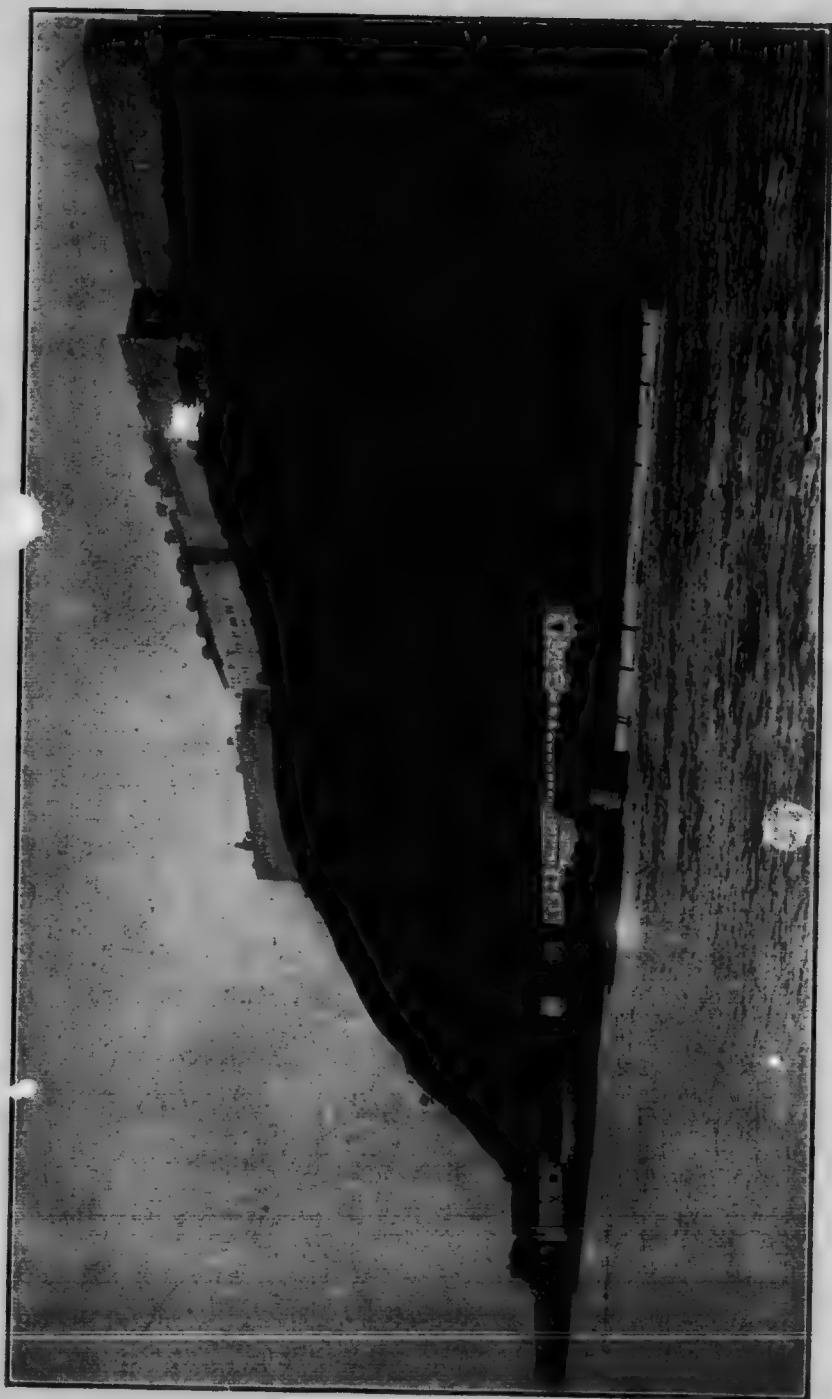
As the King had borne for many years, their refusal to obey him, their lands and cattle were now to be taken away and they themselves were to be sent in British vessels to other places. It was the King's wish that families be kept together, to soften the parting from the land they loved.

The Acadians were stunned by the news. The men and boys were kept prisoners until the vessels were ready to sail. Having given a pledge to return at night, twenty were allowed to go home each day.

As the ships were long in coming, the prisoners became restless, hoping that the King would relent and allow them to remain.

When the vessels arrived and the Acadians were put on board the soldiers were as kind to them as could be, knowing how keen must be their sorrow at leaving home and country.

It was late in December when the last boat left Acadia and after it sailed the houses and barns were set on fire. In all more than six thousand persons were removed and very few of them ever saw their loved country again.



Quinn

Where there's a Will, there's a Way

Two centuries ago England had many disputes with other countries, so she had plenty of wars on her hands. Her people were most eager to fight her battles, and there were many brave true soldiers in Great Britain. There was none more gallant and loyal than James Wolfe—the hero of the Plains of Abraham.

His father was a colonel and must surely have told little James many stories about the army and the great battles in which he had fought, for the lad's dreams were always about war.

He was a small frail child, obedient, truthful and fond of his parents. When fifteen years of age, he joined the army and a short time after, when the king came to inspect the troops, Wolfe carried the flag of his company.

Long ago, kings themselves went with their soldiers into battle and Wolfe was with King George II. when he led his troops in Germany. No English king since that time has taken part in the real fighting.

Wolfe was very young when made captain and it was not long before he took a step higher in the ranks. Once in Scotland, he and his father who was now a general, fought almost side by side.

Great Britain has not won all the battles in which her soldiers have taken part, and about this time out in the New World one of her armies suffered a grave defeat.

This disaster showed Great Britain that she needed to send a good general to lead her troops in that far-off land.

Next to the king in power was a clever man by the name of Pitt. He saw what a manly leader James Wolfe would make and chose him to go to Canada with some tried trusty troops to take Quebec from the French, and make New France a British colony.

It was a great charge for so young an officer and Wolfe did not look like a great soldier. He was rather short in size, and often suffered from illness. But in battle, he was never excited, always wise, and his soldiers were willing to do everything he asked.

The French had a brave general named Montcalm, at Quebec. He, at once, made ready to defend his fort.

The British soldiers sailed up the St. Lawrence River under the command of Admiral Saunders, a great seaman sent out to help Wolfe.

Montcalm loaded some vessels with tar, fireworks and guns already charged and setting the ships on fire, sent them down the river to destroy the English boats. The noise of the guns and the flames from the fireships were terrible. But the British sailors came bravely out in their small boats and with iron hooks and chains towed these fiery vessels to shore.

Again and again that long summer did Wolfe and his little army try to find a way into Quebec, but it was too well guarded, and Montcalm was wise enough not to venture out.

One day a Frenchman came with a message to Wolfe from Montcalm. He was guarded by a white flag of truce. "You will never get inside the town" he said. "I will have Quebec if I stay here until the end of November" replied Wolfe.

Food was rather scarce in both the English and the French camps, and many of the soldiers were ill. It seemed as if something must happen before the cold weather set in.

Quite a distance up the river from Quebec Wolfe's quick eye at last found a little crooked path leading up the steep bank. Here, one dark night in September, he brought his soldiers.

There were boats with supplies for Montcalm to pass down the river that same night. The guard at the top of the little path thought the boats full of Wolfe's men were the much needed ships with food.

All through the night the British soldiers climbed up the cliffs—the general being one of the first to make his way to the top—and when daylight came the British troops were ready for battle on level ground, about a mile from Quebec. This place is the famous Plains of Abraham, so called because it once belonged to Abraham Martin, a pilot on the river.

All night at Quebec, Montcalm was watching Admiral Saunders and his sailors who were pretending to storm the town.

Great indeed was the surprise of the French general in the morning when the red jackets of the British troops were seen on the land so near Quebec.

The French army, headed by Montcalm, was as eager to fight as the British under Wolfe and a fierce battle began at once. The British general, though weak from sickness, led his men and cheered them on. Soon the French began to turn and run.

General Wolfe had been once shot in the wrist. Again and yet again he was struck. Seeing that their brave leader was badly wounded, some of his men carried him back to a quiet spot and laid him down. He grew faint but when he heard the enemy was running away, he said softly "Now God be praised. I die in peace."

So died James Wolfe, winning a great colony for his king and making a famous name for himself. To-day, on the very spot where he breathed his last, stands a small stone which tells a long story in these simple words, "Here died Wolfe victorious."

The day after the battle, the British marched right into Quebec and very soon there waved over the fortress and town, the red banner of England. The brave French general was badly wounded and did not live to see the British in Quebec.

A man-of-war took the body of Wolfe home, and it was buried in Greenwich Parish Church. A splendid monument bearing his name was placed in Westminster Abbey by his grateful country.

On a high spot on the rocky cliffs of the St. Lawrence, right in Quebec, stands a stone monument bearing the names of the two great generals each of whom fought for his king and country on the Plains of Abraham.

A Brave Foe

The Marquis de Montcalm was a short, erect, strong man of noble French family. His eye was bright and sharp. He was brave and true—every inch a soldier.

Like his gallant foe, Wolfe, he had entered the army at fifteen years of age and had fought for his king in a number of wars. He had

been taken prisoner once and had several scars from severe wounds.

His home was in the south of France, and dearly he loved it. It was quite a trial to leave mother, wife and children when King Louis XV. chose him to command the troops in Canada.

War was raging, as it often did, between France and England and, of course, it blazed fiercely between the colonies of those powers in the New World.

When the voyage was over and the general and his forces settled in New France, Montcalm found the affairs of the country in a sad state. The Intendant Bigot, the officer who had control of the money matters, such as taxes and trade, cared only to make great fortunes for himself and his friends. Money, sent out by the king for the soldiers, found its way into his own pocket and the troops were badly fed and poorly clothed.

Not only did Bigot rob the king but the poor colonists also. Supplies coming from France could be bought only from him and at very great prices. He was heartless too. Some of

the poor Acadians, coming to Quebec, had been promised food in the King's name. What the Intendant sent them was bad, just such as no one else would buy and the king was charged a very high rate for it.

The Governor, Vaudreuil, was a vain, timid man, wishing to have the praise for any good done but not wanting to take the blame for anything that went amiss. He also was quite willing for the Intendant and his friends to make themselves rich from wrong doing.

It was against the Governor's will that Montcalm had come to Canada, as he had hoped to have charge of the troops himself; so there were troubles inside the colony and war without it.

The Indians took much pleasure in visiting Montcalm and he was on good terms with them. He told them that his king had sent him to make them happy and to protect them. The squaws brought him belts of shells or wampum. For these gifts, he had to go to their villages to sing a war song.

Montcalm set to work to make all the French forts strong. As he thought the British would

try to take Quebec, he placed many cannon on the banks of the St. Lawrence to destroy their vessels. At first he met with great success. Two British forts fell into his hands. Then there was joy and gladness in Montreal and Quebec, but gloom and sadness in Great Britain and her colony.

At last there came tidings that the strongest fortress the French owned in Canada—Louisburg, in Cape Breton—had opened its gates to the British forces.

It was now certain that Quebec would be attacked but Montcalm, having won so many victories, had no fear that his own strong fort could be captured.

He arranged his little army in strong camps near Quebec and we have read in the story of Wolfe how hard it was for the British to find a way to make Montcalm fight.

On the night before the noted battle the French general took little rest. He walked about his camp until almost daylight and was aroused from a short sleep by the sound of cannon. Mounting his horse and riding up the

hill, he saw on the Plains of Abraham the tried soldiers of the daring Wolfe.

Hurriedly Montcalm led out his men who at once began firing. The British waited for the command of their loved leader to shoot and then a terrible shower of bullets rained on the French forces.

In about twenty minutes the French turned and fled, and the long struggle between England and France for the fair land of Canada was over.

Montcalm, severely wounded, was carried along by the crowd into Quebec. When told he had not long to live he said, "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

In a quiet spot, in the old city, in a grave hollowed by the bursting of a shell from a cannon, was laid the body of the gallant Marquis de Montcalm.

When peace settled upon Canada after the years of conflict, the French were kindly treated and have lived happily under British rule. Both French and English have united lately in buying the famous battlefield and it has been presented to the Dominion of Canada for a National Park.

Pontiac

After Canada came under British rule, the French still had friends in the new world who were not satisfied with the change in the colony. These were the Indians—mostly of the Algonquin tribes.

When the British general sent a small force of soldiers to man the western forts the Indians were not pleased, for they did not like the British.

The French had always been kind to them, letting them come into the forts to sit down, or to look at anything that took their fancy. Now the British would not have them around at all, ordering them off in a very rough way, even pushing them with guns to hasten their steps. This was looked upon by the Indians as an insult.

The French had often given their red friends presents of clothes, guns and powder, as well as hatchets and axes. Now the British would not give them anything though warned secretly that trouble would come if they did not do so.

Another thing that made the Indians unhappy was the way the white men were taking the land from them and driving them farther into the forest.

The French traders fed this Indian hatred, saying that their Great Father, the King of France, was asleep when the British took Canada. Now he was awake, and was sending men and ships to take it back again, and that he looked to the red men for help in this work.

Pontiac, a great chief of the Ottawa tribe, lived on an island near Detroit, which was then a British town. He was a great warrior and a clever man. Pontiac sent to every Indian village a war belt made of wampum, black and purple in colour, and a blood-stained tomahawk. This was to call the chiefs and braves to a council of war. At the meeting Pontiac, who was the chief speaker, planned a great war. All the British forts were to be taken by the Indians and the soldiers killed.

Shortly after this he, with some of his braves, set out to surprise and capture the fort at Detroit. With short guns hidden in their cloaks they walked in one morning, but the officer in

charge, having been warned of their purpose by an Indian maiden, was ready for them. Pontiac, seeing the soldiers fully armed, was angry and said "We have only come to smoke the pipe of peace with our white brothers whom we love." But the white brothers knew better and watched the red men well until they left the fort.

Soon other bands of braves joined Pontiac and Detroit was the centre of a siege for many months. At last the Indians were driven away.

Success crowned their efforts at other forts, many of them falling into the hands of the red men.

A clever plan was used to capture a fort on the shores of Lake Huron, near Mackinac Island. The Indians told the soldiers that a game of lacrosse was to be played outside the fort, with a fierce tribe which had come to visit them.

The soldiers went to watch the game, leaving the gates of the fort open. The squaws stole in with hatchets under the blankets which they wore to cover them. At a signal the ball was thrown quite close to the gates and a rush was made after it by those taking part in the game.

In a minute the Indians were inside the fort and the hatchets in their hands, their shouts of joy in the sport turning to war-whoops. The soldiers were killed and their officers led to torture. Many of the Indians stayed at the fort, eating and drinking, till fear of what would be done to them by the British, drove them off to their camps.

It was good that the Iroquois were friendly to the English. They took no part in this war.

After some years of struggle the Indians saw that they were gaining nothing. Word had come to them that France had really given up Canada to the British, and Pontiac, their great chief, had been killed, they went back to their old life of hunting and fishing.

George Vancouver

It was many years after the east coast of America had been discovered before any one sailed up the west side of our large continent. The honour of making the first journey there fell to the lot of Captain James Cook, one of England's greatest seamen.

He had been on board one of the British war-ships which took the fort at Louisburg. Notice had been taken of his skill and being made Master of a vessel he was sent to help Wolfe at Quebec.

The charts he made of the River St. Lawrence, even under the great perils of war, were so good and true that sailors going up and down the river still use them. No others have since been needed. Exploring and making maps of parts of the world unknown to white man was his life-work. Up and down the length of the vast Pacific Ocean he sailed and the fame of his deeds upon the seas brought great glory to Britain.

On his second voyage, among the crew was George Vancouver, a young lad of thirteen, whose name has been given to the island on the far west of Canada. On Captain Cook's last long trip Vancouver had risen to be a midshipman. Afterwards he served under Admiral Rodney who was another great British sailor.

Spain, who since the time of Columbus had sent abroad many explorers, had slowly been losing her lands on the east coast of North

America, and now became most anxious to keep the west side for herself. Some of her warships attacked the trading post of an English fur dealer, Captain James Meares, seized his vessels and burnt his buildings.

The Captain carried his sad story to England, who forced Spain to repay his losses and also to give up her colonies north of California.

Great Britain wished to know more about the west side of the continent and chose Vancouver to explore it and also to receive from the Spaniards the land which they had seized.

Away round the Cape of Good Hope he sailed, and over to New Zealand. Captain Cook had been there some years before and had written on one part of the map he drew, the words "Nobody knows what." Now, after exploring the land Vancouver wrote on his new map, "Somebody knows what." At last the island now bearing his name was reached, and in his king's name Vancouver claimed the land the Spaniards had captured.

Very strange wild people were living there. They were short and very coarse-looking. Their skin was almost white but coated with

paint, oil and dirt. Their faces were coloured white, red or black, and often shone with bits of mica. Their dress was a long, loose robe trimmed with fur, and tied over one shoulder with a string. Over this they wore a short coat made of a round piece of cloth, with a hole cut in the centre for the head to slip through.

Great thieves were they, stealing every bit of metal they could lay hands on. Not only did they war against one another, but they were cannibals and brought many skulls of the enemies they had killed to sell to the sailors.

Two long years Vancouver spent, exploring the far west coast, enduring cold, storms and perils. Nothing escaped his keen eye. He was loved by his sailors for his kindness, and respected for his honesty.

He rounded Cape Horn and reached England safely. Sad to tell, he did not live long enough to see either his charts, or the story of his travels, printed. We are glad that an island so well known to all Canadians, should have been named after so great and good a man.

Governor Simcoe

The name Canada, from being that of an Indian village, had long been given to a very great tract of land. When the time came for it to be divided into provinces, the eastern part, where the French lived, went by the title Lower Canada—and the western portion, where the English had settled, bore the name Upper Canada. The chief town of Lower Canada and from which that province was governed, was Quebec.

Colonel John Graves Simcoe was appointed to represent the king in Upper Canada, and so became its first Lieutenant Governor.

He was a brave soldier and had served England well in the American Revolution—a war in which the southern part of the New World had rebelled against Great Britain and had become a new nation, the United States of America.

Governor Simcoe sailed from England and landed at Quebec. He carried a letter from King George III. to his son, the Duke of Kent, who was then living just outside Quebec. The

Duke was the father of our late good Queen Victoria.

Here the Governor stayed all winter, learning much about the ways of the colony. His soldiers were in New Brunswick, and walked all the way to join him on snowshoes.

Niagara at that time was the capital of Upper Canada. It was too near the United States to please Simcoe. After some delay a trading post called by the Indians Toronto, or "trees in the water," was chosen as the capital. Fort Rouille had been its name under French rule, and now it was to be known as York, in honour of a son of the king, the Duke of York.

At once Simcoe went to York to stay, living in a tent above which the British flag floated, until a suitable house was built for him. The tent had once belonged to the great Captain Cook. Simcoe had bought it in England, thinking that he might sometime make use of it in the new land.

The Governor was most anxious to have Upper Canada prosper, and the country owes much to his wise laws and just dealings.

He saw that good roads were needed and had them laid out. Yonge Street running north and Dundas Street leading west from Toronto were two of them.

He knew that men, loyal to Great Britain, should live in the province and so he promised free land to any good farmer who would take oath to be true to the King of England.

Many settlers came and the land began to be cleared of trees and shrubs and crops were sown.

The labour of building homes in the forest was not easy. Great trees had to be felled, and the logs cut and fitted together. The houses were small but always had a large wide fireplace, which was built of rude bricks or clay baked in the sun. The huge logs blazing on the hearth often gave the only light after dark, for candles were scarce. Very simple beds were made from logs, and rough wooden benches were the only seats.

Grain was ground into coarse flour between two large stones, and the bread baked in ovens built above the fireplace. Pots and kettles hung on an iron crane or bar that swung over the fire. It was seldom possible to obtain white sugar,

so the many maple trees of the forest had to supply sugar as well as syrup.

One of the greatest hardships of the settlers was the lack of news and letters. There was no press for printing papers or books. Letters were carried by men on horseback, and of course were very rare pleasures. Money was seldom seen in Upper Canada—merchants giving their wares in exchange for what the farmers could raise on their land.

After his first Christmas in Upper Canada Simcoe set out on a long sleigh-ride to see many parts of the province. The Indians were much pleased that he visited their villages. They showed him how they made their maple sugar and held frequent dances in his honour. Once they even made a coon hunt for him.

The Governor's wife painted many good pictures of those early times, which are now highly prized.

Upper Canada lost a good friend, when after four years' stay, Colonel Simcoe was sent to govern another colony.

In a little over forty years the capital city took back her old and beautiful name of Toronto.

Alexander Mackenzie

Now that the eastern side of North America was well known a great desire arose in the minds of the fur traders to cross the continent to the western part. Alexander Mackenzie, one of the partners of the Great North West Trading Company, was very eager to be the first white man to attempt it.

He had done so much for his company that when he asked for leave to go it was readily granted. A small number of Indians and white men went with him in four canoes. They started from the farthest trading post on Lake Athabasca. After a quiet trip through Slave River and Slave Lake, they came to a mighty river which was named Mackenzie after their leader.

Here they met a band of wild Indians who fled in terror on seeing the pale faces. As Mackenzie wished to talk with them, presents to tempt them back, were laid on the shore. The sight of the gifts drew the red men near.

Through his Indians the leader learned that haunted caves and foaming waterfalls would be



CARON ASCENDING RIVER

met if the strangers went on. Mackenzie took no notice of these tales and later was able to persuade one of the wild natives to act as guide.

Again and again on the journey, savages were met who repeated the story of dangers on the way to the far west. At last the guide, afraid to go farther, ran away. The rest of the Indians, too, wished to turn back. Mackenzie made them a promise that if the sea was not reached in seven days he would return home.

Ere the week was up an ocean came in view, but it was the Arctic and not the Pacific, as he had hoped. Learning his mistake, no time was lost in beginning the return trip, so afraid was he of being ice-bound in that northern sea. The paddles made good time, and the landing stage at Lake Athabasca was reached just one hundred days from the time they had started.

Three years went by before Mackenzie made a second attempt to cross to the Pacific. This time he went up to Fort McLeod in the autumn, so that he might have an early start in the spring. A canoe, twenty-five feet in length, was built to hold the whole party of eight white men and two Indians and their supplies.

On the 9th of May, the Peace River was free from ice and the long canoe glided out on its voyage. Rapids and cascades on the river made it needful to portage often.

As they drew near the passes of the Rocky Mountains the rivers became so narrow and the rapids so fierce that there was much danger to the canoe. Time and again it was nearly lost, or had a hole torn in its side by a sharp rock. This had to be mended before the travellers could go forward.

After passing through two great ranges of mountains, a large river was found which now bears the name of Fraser. Owing to its strong currents the trip by water had to be given up, and Mackenzie had to continue his journey by land. After long weary marches he had the joy of seeing the Pacific ocean. This notice, in red letters, was posted on a high cliff facing the sea—"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, 22nd July, 1793."

The return journey did not seem long, the men being so full of delight at the success of the trip. Peace River was reached by the middle of August. The traders in the fort at

McLeod were surprised, one day about this time, to hear shots. Looking out the canoe was seen, with a flag at its bow and the men cheering.

Alexander Mackenzie was the proudest man of all who went on the journey, and well he might be, for he was the first white man to sail up the Peace River, the first to cross the Rocky Mountains, and the first to reach the Pacific Ocean by land.

For his great work in exploring he was given a title by the king.

The Ideal General

The people of the United States, not content with their own large country, wanted Canada also, so war began. The Canadians had made up their minds to fight to the death for their homes and their honour as British subjects. For three years the struggle went on, and much blood was shed. However, when peace was restored, Canada remained a colony of Britain.

General Sir Isaac Brock, the British leader, was one of three great soldiers born in the



NIAGARA RIVER—QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, with Brook's Monument in the distance

same year—Wellington and Napoleon being the other two.

Brock was sent out with his company a few years before the war broke out and one of his first acts was to strengthen all the forts of Upper Canada.

Many Indians joined his army and did good service. Brock with a small force of soldiers took Detroit. The Canadians were much pleased with this great success and his soldiers loved him so well they would have laid down their lives for him.

The battle of Queenston Heights took place early in the war. Before daylight on the 13th October, nearly a hundred years ago, a large body of American soldiers crossed the Niagara River, landing at the lower end of the village of Queenston.

Although the Canadian troops, helped by the Indians, strove with cannon to drive the invaders back, they reached the heights. General Brock with his forces was at Fort George, some miles away. He had been expecting this attack for some time, and had told his officers what to do.

Hearing the cannon, he called for his horse and galloped quickly to the scene of action. With his soldiers following close behind, he rode up the hill, cheering them on. The enemy opened a heavy fire. General Brock, who could be easily picked out by his height and the noble way he led his men, was shot through the breast while shouting the command "Push on the brave York Volunteers." His last request was that his men should not be told of his death. His body was carried into a house near by where it lay until evening.

General Sheaffe now took command of the Canadian forces. As more soldiers arrived from Fort George, the enemy had a hard time. Those who tried to escape into the woods were driven back by the Indians. Many flung themselves over the cliffs by the side of the river and met death on the rocks below. A few were able to get away in boats. During the afternoon the American leader and about 900 men surrendered and the battle of Queenston Heights was won by the Canadians.

The people of Canada wished that General Brock's name should never be forgotten, so a

fine stone column stands on the Heights, while a square stone farther down the hill marks the spot where the hero fell.

As the boats sail up the Niagara River, Canadians are proud to point out Brock's monument to strangers, and to tell how the brave Englishman gave his life fighting for Canada.

Laura Secord

High in the list of honoured names during the troubled early days in Upper Canada, is that of Laura Secord. Her husband, James Secord, was one of the soldiers who carried the dying Brock from the battlefield when that gallant general received his death wound.

Joining the army again, Secord was badly wounded. All winter long he lay ill in his home at Queenston.

Early in June, Laura overheard some American officers planning to surprise a small Canadian garrison at Beaver Dams, about thirteen miles from Niagara. The husband and wife talked quietly together of how Lieutenant Fitzgibbon and his thirty soldiers and thirty Indians could

be warned in time to prevent them from falling into the hands of the foe.

James Secord, still being ill, was unfit to go, so his heroic wife, a slight, frail woman, resolved to carry the message herself. To escape the sentries of the enemy along the regular paths, she had to go twenty miles through the dense forest.

Starting before dawn and driving a cow before her into the woods to deceive the American soldiers, the brave woman began her long dangerous walk. All day long, through great heat, she kept steadily on, and when evening fell, weary and footsore, she reached a camp of Indians whose fierce yells made her afraid.

At last the chief understood that she had grave tidings for Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, and he went with her to carry her news to that officer.

Fitzgibbon made rapid changes in his plans. The Indians were hidden in the woods on the right and on the left of his little band of soldiers. He sent to Major de Haren who had a camp a few miles away for more troops.

When the enemy, five hundred strong, appeared, the constant shots and war-whoops of the Indians made them think there was a very large force guarding Beaver Dams.

Fitzgibbon at the head of his soldiers, under a flag of truce, came forward and demanded that the Americans should surrender. Thinking that there was no way of escape they agreed to lay down their arms.

So long a time was spent by Fitzgibbon in arranging the terms of surrender, that the soldiers under de Haren arrived, and the enemy were all taken prisoners.

Next day, her perilous duty being done, Laura returned home and it is good to know she lived many years more. She was buried at Niagara Falls South where a monument bearing her name recalls what one brave woman did for her country.

Tecumseh

While many white men were coming from Europe to live in the new continent, the poor red men were being driven farther and farther west.

Tecumseh, a young chief of the Shawnee tribe, tried to band the men of the forest together to prevent the pale faces from seizing their lands.

He was wise and kind, rather tall and handsome and very quick in his movements. Usually he wore a deer-skin uniform with fringe along the seams and much-trimmed moccasins. Three silver rings were fastened in his nose. A string of many coloured shells hung around his neck.

His braves had been defeated in the Western States by the Americans when he was away from the tribe, and so he had to lead his men into Canada to find new homes.

When the war broke out between England and the United States, Tecumseh and his red warriors offered to fight under the British flag.

The first great deed was to take by surprise some American soldiers who were marching

from Detroit with valuable letters. The Indians lay hidden behind trees and bushes, and springing up suddenly gave battle to their foes. The soldiers were scattered, the letters seized and given to General Brock.

At Amherstburg, on the Detroit river, the two great leaders, Brock and Tecumseh, met for the first time. Brock spoke to the Indians next day, saying that the king had sent him to help them against their enemies, the "long knives," which was the red men's name for the Americans. Tecumseh answered that all the Indians were willing to die for their great father the King of England.

Brock came to respect and trust the fearless young chief, and told him the plans for carrying on the war. On a piece of birch bark, Tecumseh drew with his scalping knife a map of the country around Detroit, explaining how he thought it could be captured.

When Detroit yielded to Brock, Tecumseh prevented his braves from being cruel to the prisoners. The savages behaved so well that Brock, to show how pleased he was, took off his scarf and wound it around Tecumseh. Next day

the scarf was not to be seen on the chief, although he had seemed to think it an honour to receive it. He had given it to a chief older than himself.

It made Tecumseh very sad when Brock was slain, but bravely he kept his place in the ranks of the British troops.

Next year at Moraviantown, a village on the river Thames, Tecumseh and his Indians played the part of heroes, fearlessly facing the foe, while the Canadian troops turned and fled before the American sharp-shooters. The gallant Tecumseh was shot. His son, a youth of seventeen years, and the Indians kept up the battle but at last were forced to surrender.

Canada grieved sadly over the loss of her dauntless Indian chief and placed his name on the honour roll of her heroes.

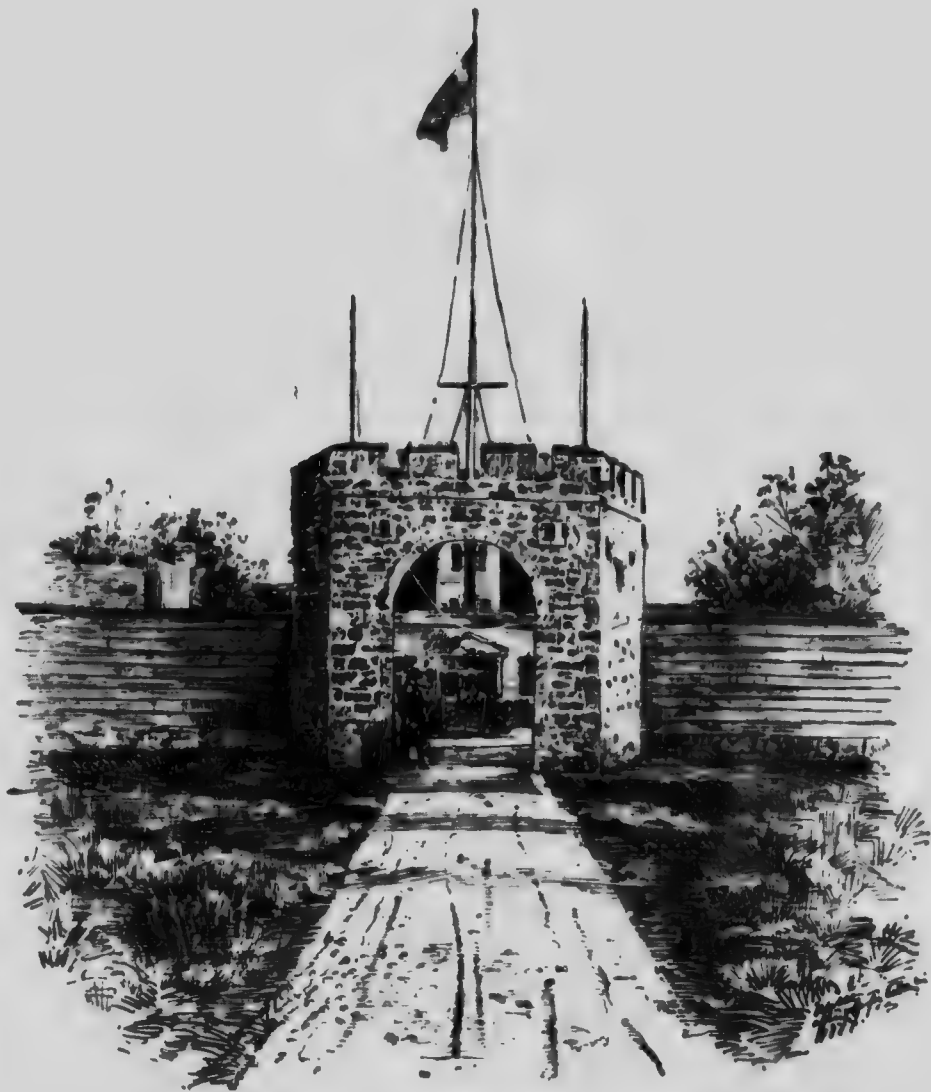
Lord Selkirk

Amongst the names of splendid men who have done good deeds for Canada stands that of Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, a Scotsman, born at St. Mary's Isle. When at college, in Edinburgh, he belonged to a club of students who made a special study of how a country is best governed, and of how the people living there can make the most of their lives.

While travelling in his native land he met many peasants who had been forced to give up the farms they had been renting, as the landlords wished to make large fields for hunting.

With neither homes nor money the lot of these poor farmers was most unhappy. The generous heart of the Scotch nobleman was touched by their sorrows, and before long he found a way to help them.

Some of the French, who did not care to live under British rule, had left their homes in Canada and returned to France. Lord Selkirk obtained a grant of some of these forsaken houses in Prince Edward Island, and here he



FORT GARRY GATE

sent no less than three shiploads of his homeless countrymen.

A year later Lord Selkirk visited his settlement, finding the people happy and their farms flourishing. Still seeking more good land where other poor friends might dwell, he pursued his travels over Upper Canada and into the far Northwest.

Here, over the vast prairies, the red men roved. During the winter they hunted the fox, the deer and the buffalo, the squaws and children setting traps for ermine and squirrel.

When the rivers were free from ice, large numbers of Indians, in canoes heavily laden with the skins, could be seen on the way to the trading posts of the fur companies. The Indians would smoke the pipe of peace with the officers in charge, and then exchange their furs for food, powder and beads.

Buying a large tract of land, which he called Assiniboia, on the Red River, Lord Selkirk soon had many poor Scotch and Irish farmers living there. The chief town of the new colony bore the name Fort Douglas.

Food was very scarce the first winter, and the colonists were almost starved. The first crops were poor and so many were the grasshoppers they were almost a plague.

Trouble broke out between the fur companies, and, sad to relate, there were many fierce quarrels. The Governor was killed in one of these disputes, and Fort Douglas destroyed. Happily, Lord Selkirk with a small body of troops was on his way to help the settlement. Peace and order followed.

At the trading post of Fort Garry the Earl set aside one plot of ground for a church and another for a school. A meeting with the chiefs of the far west took place in which they agreed not to attack the colony.

Lord Selkirk spent his life putting the ideas of his college club into use. It was said of him that he never broke his word.

Assiniboia is now known as the province of Manitoba, and Fort Garry has grown into the large busy city of Winnipeg.

Lord Durham

Trouble had been brewing for some time in Canada, because of the unjust acts of the men whose duty it was to advise the Governor. The people of the colony wished that these men should have a check put upon their power, and should be made to give a full account of their doings.

Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, a Scotsman who had a keen sense of justice, urged the people of Upper Canada, through his newspaper, to insist that their wishes be carried out. The greater number of the colonists were very willing for the changes to be made gradually, but Mackenzie, whose nature was hasty, persisted that the reforms take place at once.

The Home Government did not think it wise to grant these requests at this time, and Mackenzie then called upon the people to rebel against Britain and to throw off her yoke.

Now rebellion is looked upon as a crime in all lands and the punishment for such an act is to suffer death or to be cast into prison. Mackenzie, however, held to his purpose, and set up a rebel

camp where many joined his ranks. The rebellion was short lived. He and some of his friends fled to Navy Island on the Niagara river, where he kept up the warfare for a time.

In Lower Canada the leader of the rebellion was Louis Papineau, a man high in office in his own province. He did much mischief among the French by his fiery speeches in Parliament. After several riots he, with a few followers, escaped to the United States.

Britain, fearing to lose Canada, as she had lost her southern colony some time before, sent Lord Durham across the sea to find the causes leading to the rebellion and to make a full report to the Home Government. He became Governor-General of Canada.

On reaching these shores he sent men to each province to learn about the troubles. Though not a strong man he did much hard work in searching for ways and means to improve the colony. He had his own staff of advisers and travelled through the country in almost royal style.

The question to be settled at once was what was to be done with the rebels in the prisons.

Those who were young he allowed to go home. Others were sent out of the country, being warned that if they came back without leave from the Governor they would suffer death.

Many Canadians who took sides with the rebels, were very angry at this act, for the prisoners had not been brought to trial. They complained to the Home Government who agreed that the Governor had not dealt wisely with the prisoners.

Learning this, Lord Durham, in anger, at once gave up his office, nor would he accept any salary for his time and work in Canada, asking that the money due him be used in fixing up the Government houses in Montreal and Quebec.

He spent little more than five months in Canada. While on his way to England the greater part of his famous Report was drawn up. The usual salute, due to returning Governors was not given him when he landed, though the people greeted him gladly. This slight from the Government grieved his proud spirit and almost broke his heart.

When his Report was read in the British Parliament, even his enemies praised it.

Amongst other things he urged a union of the provinces, for in his mind it would make peace between the English and French. He also asked that a change be made in the Council which advised the Governor, so that the desires of the people might be helped forward.

Lord Durham lived but a short time after his return to England, but long enough to know that the advice given in his Report would be followed in every point.

He died at Cowes, Isle of Wight. As death drew near he said "I hope I have not lived altogether in vain." The value of his efforts for Canada shows that his name well deserves to be handed down in history.

George Brown

The name of George Brown will always be held in honour as one of Canada's great public men. He was the eldest son of Peter Brown, of Edinburgh, Scotland, a gentleman of learning, honest and true. George went to school in Edinburgh and when quite young left to assist his father in business. As he grew older he

showed a desire to make a great name for himself. This, with his strong will power, led his friends to expect great things from him in the future, and, as the story of his life shows, he did not disappoint them.

Business trials came upon the family and loss of money, so father and son left Scotland for America, landing at New York, where they started a journal for the Scotsmen living in that city.

George at this time was a big overgrown lad, more than six feet high, with little sense of humour, taking life in a serious way. He had a pleasant, agreeable manner and was a good talker but a poor listener.

They moved to Toronto, where it was thought there was a better opening for business. Here the Banner, a church paper, was begun. Afterwards, some friends asked George to edit a newspaper for the reform party in politics. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, he started the Globe, a paper which put forward in an able manner the plans and aims of the Reformers.

Brown was now a man with a strong clever mind, and his pen was ever ready to write in

favour of his party. He soon showed that his right place was in Parliament helping to guide the affairs of the country. The honest tone of his speeches, together with his good common sense, made him a power in the land.

He was in parliament at the same time as John A. Macdonald, whose life-story we shall read later and like him Brown became the leader of his party.

The Hon. George Brown was very loyal to Great Britain in all he said and did, and his words found an echo in the hearts of his hearers. He was anxious for a union of the provinces and when that subject came before Parliament, did all he could to bring it about.

He died at Toronto from the wound of a pistol shot given in his office by one of the printers who was thought to be out of his mind.

The Hon. George Brown's great work was the *Globe*, which ranks to-day amongst the best newspapers in America.

The people of Ontario erected a statue to his memory in Queen's Park, Toronto, the city in which most of his life work was done.

Egerton Ryerson

Every girl or boy who has visited the Normal School in Toronto has surely noticed the bronze statue in front of the Education Offices and has read the name, Egerton Ryerson, cut in the stone below.

This great and wise man spent over thirty years thinking about the girls and boys of Ontario and planning to have good schools for them.

He was born early in the last century. His father had been an officer in the British army in the American Revolution but later took up land in the western part of Upper Canada. Egerton was a truthful, obedient boy and never willingly grieved his mother.

There was no kind of work being done around his home about which he did not learn everything. Once, while a new house was being built, he even paid the carpenter for allowing him to help in the work. Early in the mornings and late in the evenings he was busy with his studies.

He became a minister of the gospel, and was sent as a missionary to the Indians living by the

river Credit. By and by he was editor for the Guardian, the newspaper of his church. Afterwards we find him principal of Victoria College in Cobourg. (This college was later moved to Toronto.)

The best years of Dr. Ryerson's life were given to his country as Superintendent of Education in Ontario.

When he entered on his duties the province was thinly peopled and had been much disturbed during long years of war, so the schools were not of much value.

School-houses were built of logs and had only one room. They were badly lighted, poorly heated in winter and very hot in summer.

The pupils sat on rough benches without any backs. Books were not much in common use and cost a great deal. The teachers had little training to prepare them for their duties and they "boarded round," living for a short time at each pupil's home.

Now that the country was opened up and peace reigned, the new Superintendent brought about many changes with his wise laws.

School-houses had now to be well built and allow for plenty of fresh air and light. Desks and seats suitable for children appeared in the schoolrooms. Good books, at very low prices, were provided for the pupils.

Schools to enable teachers to fit themselves to direct the studies of the girls and boys were begun. The Normal School at Toronto was built in Dr. Ryerson's time.

The schools were made free, or public, that every child, no matter how poor, could attend and be taught to read and to write.

No less than four times did he cross the Atlantic to see the schools in the different countries of Europe, bringing back good ideas to be put into use in Ontario. The United States was also visited in search of the best methods of school work.

No name is more worthy of a place in our love and respect than that of Dr. Egerton Ryerson, who did so much for the children of his native land.

John A. Macdonald

John Alexander Macdonald was the son of Hugh Macdonald, of Glasgow, Scotland. He was a bright looking lad of five years, with sparkling eyes and curly hair, when his parents brought him to Canada.

They settled at Kingston where John went to school. It was his father's wish to make him a lawyer. His school days lasted until he was sixteen years old, when he went to a law office for six years more. It was no task for him to stay at his books, for he loved study.

When little over twenty-one he had finished his law course and was in an office of his own. Anxious to make his business a success, he kept close to work. He treated his cases in so clever a manner as to win the highest praise. He studied people as well as books. His nature was bright and cheery and he was ever ready with a joke or a story.

His success in law brought his name often before the public and it was not long before he was asked to run for member of Parliament.

In his speeches the good use of stories helped to keep his hearers in good humour. He was quick to see a weak point in another's speech and turn it in his own favour.

In Parliament, John A. Macdonald became a great leader of men, rising to be Prime Minister. A union of all the provinces had for years been his dream. Lord Durham had urged this some years before in his Report.

Macdonald wished the union because he was certain it would make Canada great in the eyes of the world. It would be better able to defend itself in time of war and more people would come to settle there.

At first only four provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick formed the union, which took place on July 1st, 1867. Dominion Day, our national holiday, recalls this happy event.

John A. was the first Premier of the Dominion and was also honoured by being made a knight by the king.

A railroad was built for the purpose of bringing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into

closer touch with the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, as Upper and Lower Canada were now known. British Columbia promised to join the union if a railway was built to the Pacific Ocean. After much trouble in Parliament, the Canadian Pacific Railroad was started. It was a long and difficult task to build this iron road, and it is looked upon as Sir John's great work. Fifteen years passed before it was finished.

Though he came through many years of storm and sunshine in public life, he never lost that happy nature which made him loved by the friends in whom he showed great interest. His bright glance seemed ever on the watch for some one to help.

The country is richer for having men like him in power. Books were his great joy. These he read quickly, and he was able to repeat their contents to others in a charming way.

His great desire was to have the people of Canada loyal to Great Britain. Sir John died at Ottawa. His loss was felt by a large circle of warm friends.

Many of the cities of the Dominion have shown their high regard for this great statesman by erecting monuments in his honour.

Here and there, all over the broad land of Canada, monuments have been erected in memory of those who have loved and served our country and whose names Canada holds in high esteem.



KINGS AND QUEENS FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST

| | BEGAN TO REIGN | | BEGAN TO REIGN |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| William I. (the Conqueror) | 1066 | Henry VII. | 1485 |
| William II. (Rufus) | 1087 | Henry VIII. | 1509 |
| Henry I. | 1100 | Edward VI. | 1547 |
| Stephen | 1135 | Mary | 1553 |
| | | Elizabeth | 1558 |
| Henry II. | 1154 | | |
| Richard I. (The Lion Heart) | 1189 | James I. | 1603 |
| John (Lackland) | 1199 | Charles I. | 1625 |
| Henry III. | 1216 | Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector | 1653 |
| Edward I. | 1272 | Charles II. | 1660 |
| Edward II. | 1307 | James II. | 1685 |
| Edward III. | 1327 | William III. | 1689 |
| Richard II. | 1377 | Anne | 1702 |
| | | | |
| Henry IV. | 1399 | George I. | 1714 |
| Henry V. | 1413 | George II. | 1727 |
| Henry VI. | 1422 | George III. | 1760 |
| | | George IV. | 1820 |
| Edward IV. | 1461 | William IV. | 1830 |
| Edward V. | 1483 | Victoria | 1837 |
| Richard III. (Crookback) | 1483 | Edward VII. | 1901 |

